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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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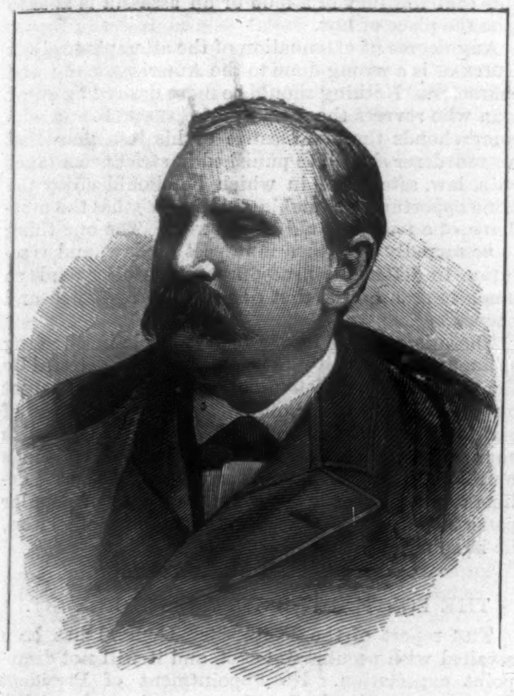

DISTRICT ATTORNEY CORKHILL.
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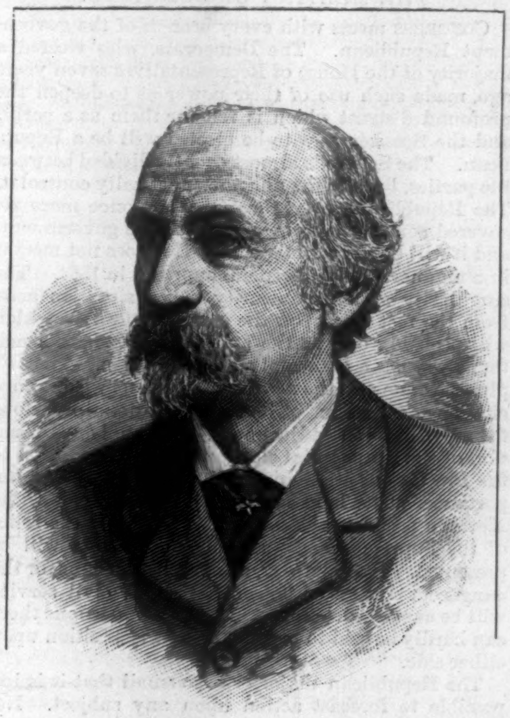

PRESIDING JUDGE WALTER S. COX.
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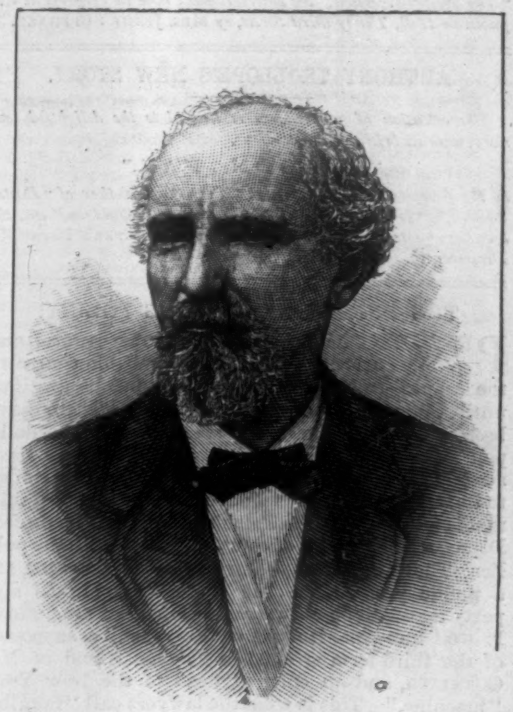

GEORGE M. SCOVILLE.
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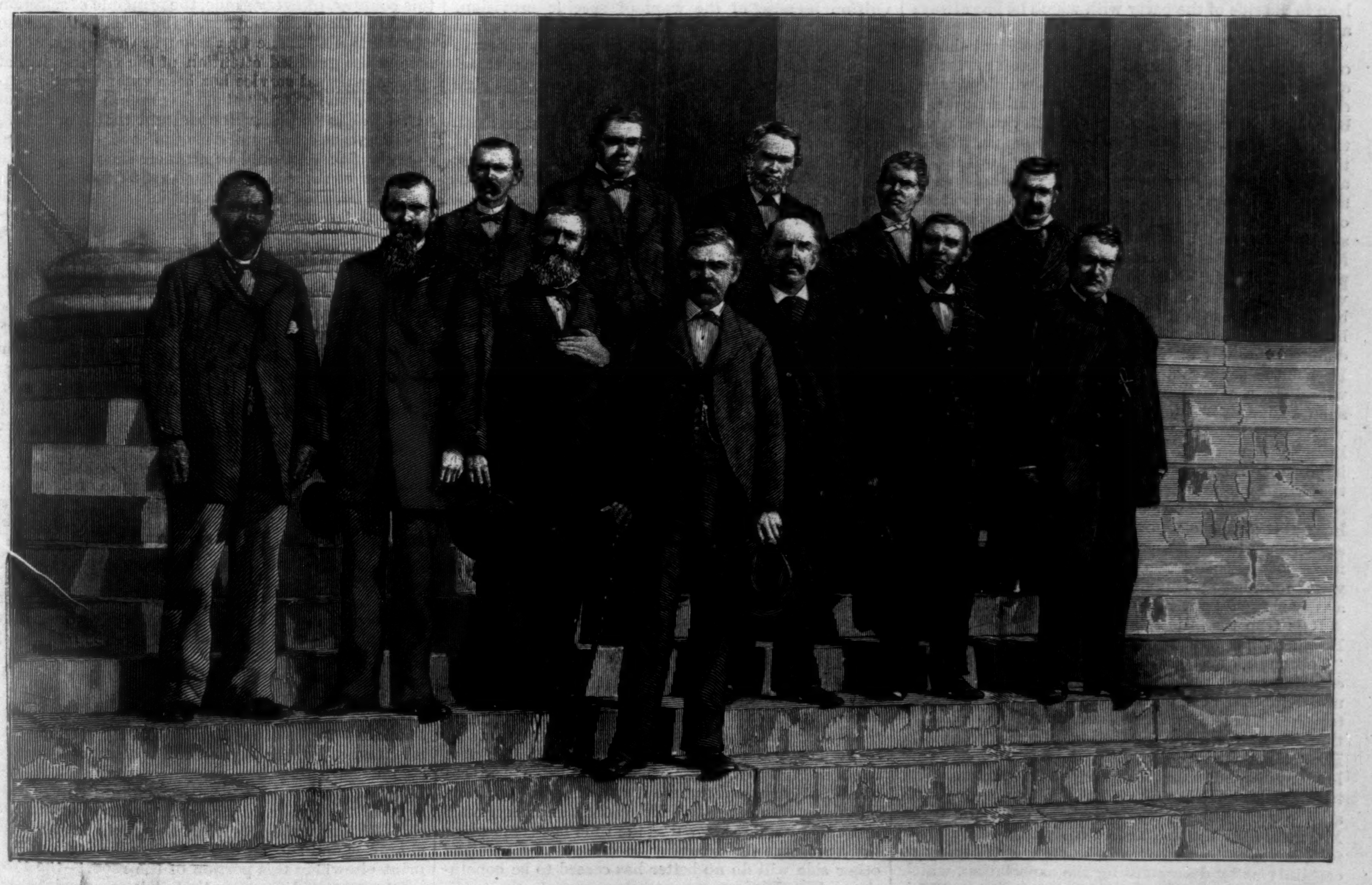


THE JURY.—Photographed by Bell.

THE TRIAL OF CHARLES JULES GUITEAU.—[See Page 805.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, December 3, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

Harper's Young People *No. 109, issued November 29, contains among its features of special attraction a brilliant short story by* Sydney Dayre, *entitled "How Tom Primrose Protected His Father," with front-page illustration; an article on Hunting by* W. A. Linn, *in connection with an exquisite specimen of wood-engraving from a drawing by* Ferdinand Laufberger; *an article of great interest on the Piano-Forte, by* Mrs. John Lillie, *with five illustrations; the conclusion of "The Wreck of the 'Grosvenor,'" by* James Payn, *illustrated; the usual installment of the serial story; and a beautiful full-page drawing, illustrating "The Dolls' Reception," an entertainment now in progress at Republican Hall, Thirty-third Street, by* Mrs. Jessie Shepherd.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S NEW STORY.

The attention of our readers is invited to the delightful love story, with its brilliant illustrations,

"MARION FAY,"

by the favorite novelist Anthony Trollope, *author of "Doctor Thorne," "Is He Popenjoy?" "The Duke's Children," etc., the opening chapters of which will be found in* Harper's Bazar *for December 17.*

THE PRESIDENT AND HIS POLICY.

PRESIDENT ARTHUR keeps his own counsel, and public curiosity to know the probable course of the Administration will apparently not be gratified until Congress receives his Message. There have been suggestive letters and statements in the daily papers, and the Democratic papers especially have advanced speculations which are apparently intended to imply that the correspondents are in the most intimate confidence of the President, and that he prefers Democratic channels of communication with the public. The grounds of such speculation, however, are a public possession. The President's political and party associations, views, and sympathies are perfectly well known. He was a "Stalwart," a supporter of the third-term scheme, a devoted friend of Mr. Conkling, and an efficient head of the New York "machine." This is what the lawyers call "familiar knowledge." It is very easy to say, therefore, and it is certainly both a plausible and a probable saying, that the course of the Administration may be forecast from these facts. The Weekly has already said that it is only reasonable to expect that the President will lean to the side of the party with which he has always acted.

Yet there is no doubt that if the President should organize his administration in the interest of a wing of his party, and that wing the one which was the evident minority in the National Convention, it would be necessarily regarded as a reactionary administration. When Mr. Arthur became the official head of the party, he logically ceased to have an interest in any wing of it, because he represents the whole party, and because its union is indispensable to the success of his administration. While it is natural that he should seek a harmonious cabinet, it would be unfortunate if he should seek a harmonious party by proscription. In plain words, a third-term cabinet, with the civil service reorganized upon a third-term basis, would certainly not conduce to Republican harmony and success in 1884. The President is undoubtedly quite as able to see this as anybody else. He has the reputation of a shrewd politician, and it would be a politician very far from shrewd who should suppose that under existing circumstances the way to a prosperous administration and to Republican success in 1884 lay in going backward. There is probably no more careful student of the moral of the autumn elections, and especially of that in his own State, than President Arthur. To suppose that he believes those elections point to the expediency of attempting to reconstruct the Republican party, by means of the patronage, upon what is called a "Stalwart" foundation, is plainly to suppose him not to be a very shrewd politician.

It is true that the school of politics in which the President has held a high rank adopts as its motto "Thorough," and that it stigmatizes moderation and conciliation as sentimental nonsense. But the natural ambition of the President is to hold his party together, and to avoid imposing upon his administration the disagreeable distinction of ending the long Republican ascendency. As we have said, he is no longer engaged in a contest to give the party control to his wing. He has himself the official control, and all the responsibility that devolves upon the Chief Magistrate for the welfare of his party. That welfare, it seems to us, could be secured by nothing so certainly as by disappointing the expectation, which is but natural, that his accession is a "Stalwart" triumph. The general conviction that such a triumph, in the full import of the word, had been achieved, would be the alienation in feeling of the most powerful element of his own party, and the consequent delight of the Democratic opposition. Nothing can be plainer than this, and nothing more evident to the President. While, therefore, the wholly "Stalwart" course may be logically anticipated, and could not logically surprise any observer, it is very possible that Mr. Arthur, the President, may take a different view from that of Mr. Arthur, the chairman of the New York State Committee. Whatever President Arthur may do to favor progress and reform in the directions indicated by a strong public opinion and by a powerful and independent element in his party, will undoubtedly strengthen his administration. Whatever he may do to limit sympathy and support of his administration to a section of his party will be a calamity for himself, a disaster for his party, and a misfortune for the country.

THE MEETING OF CONGRESS.

Congress meets with every branch of the government Republican. The Democrats, who elected a majority of the House of Representatives seven years ago, made such use of their power as to deepen the profound distrust which is felt for them as a party, and the Speaker now to be elected will be a Republican. The Senate is almost equally divided between the parties, but the Republicans practically control it. The Republican party, therefore, has once more recovered complete responsibility for the government, and it will be a great misfortune if it does not meet it in a manner to secure general approval in 1884. The singularity and the obscurity of the situation arise from the fact that upon the leading questions which will probably occupy the attention of Congress neither party has a clear and positive position. The surplus revenue and the arrears of pensions will at once challenge attention. The tariff question, in various forms, will require adjustment. The final determination of the Presidential election and the succession to the Presidency are subjects of the most pressing importance. The land laws, the Indian question, the Mormon problem, the settlement of claims, the relief of the Supreme Court, are all matters that will be presented. Undoubtedly, also, remedial plans for the dangerous abuses of patronage in the civil service will be suggested. Yet upon all these questions there can hardly be said to be a distinct party position upon either side.

The Republican majority is so small that it is impossible to forecast action upon any subject. Nothing, for instance, is more imperatively necessary than a simple and satisfactory provision for counting the electoral vote. Such a provision is perfectly feasible, and in no sense whatever partisan. Its vital necessity has been demonstrated by the imminence of civil convulsion because of the want of specific provision. But five years have passed, including a Presidential election, and it is plain that the country is willing to "run for luck." It should not be surprising, therefore, if the session passes without action, although the Edmunds bill still remains for consideration, as admirable a measure, probably, as could be devised. So with the tariff. Neither party really takes decided ground upon it. The Republican platform of 1880 declared that "the duties levied for the purpose of revenue should so discriminate as to favor American labor," and the Democratic platform demanded "a tariff for revenue only." But the Republicans did not ask a tariff for protection, and the Democrats abandoned their demand during the canvass. The original Democratic contingent in the formation of the Republican party brought with it, as in the instance of Mr. Bryant, the principle of tariff for revenue, and the younger Republicans born in the party naturally incline to that view. But the Whig contingent, which was the larger, brought with it the old and captivating cry of Henry Clay, "Protection to American industry," and that feeling is very strong in the party. On the other hand, the Democratic party has always played fast and loose with the question in order to carry Pennsylvania, and a fondness for subsidy and tariff is undoubtedly arising in the Southern wing of the party. The situation upon this question illustrates that upon every other great issue which is likely to arise in Congress.

The regulation of corporations, steamer subsidies, and free ships are all subjects that will appear in some form, and it may be assumed that whatever action may be taken upon any of them will depend, not upon great general principles, but, according to the genius and tradition of the English race, upon considerations of apparent expediency. It is to be hoped, however, that the responsible majority will remember that a party gains by a positive and loses by a negative policy. The worst thing Congress could do, in a party sense, would be to leave members of the party in doubt where it stands upon important questions. The course of Mr. Wolfe and his friends in Pennsylvania shows that the time has come when the argument for adhering to one side because the other side will do no better has ceased to be conclusive. The Wolfe movement represents the sentiment which demands that a party shall be an agency to secure certain results. If it does not secure them, nor even profess to attempt to secure them, it is not a very powerful plea to say that another party does no better. Why not have a party that will secure them? It is the possibility and, in the light of the Wolfe movement and of events in New York, the probability of such a question that the Republican majority in this Congress may well bear in mind.

SHOOTING GUITEAU.

That President Garfield should have been assassinated, although a great and incomparable calamity, does not affect the national honor, because a desperate criminal or madman may shoot anybody, and produce incalculable mischief. But that the President's assassin should not be punished with due and solemn and scrupulous care of every form of law, but should be destroyed by a mob or a desperado, would be a national disgrace, because it would show that the law is not capable of guarding those committed to its care, and that the fury of a mob or an assassin is able to take the place of law.

Any degree of extenuation of the attempts to shoot Guiteau is a wrong done to the American name and character. Nothing should be more desired by every man who reveres the memory of Garfield, and who comprehends the significance of his loss, than that his murderer should be punished in strict accordance with law, after trial in which he should enjoy the same opportunity of making his defense that the murderer of a tramp would be allowed. The one thing to be sacredly cherished is respect for law, and resolution to defend its procedure, for nothing tends so much to secure laws that ought to be respected and obeyed.

There is nothing heroic or admirable in shooting at a man handcuffed in a prison van, and detested by the community. Hottentots and savages may beat out the brains of public offenders. The distinction of civilization is that it does not. Every man in this country, the sneaking pickpocket or the President's murderer, is rightfully tried and punished by the deliberate majesty of law, not by the frenzy of popular passion. If anybody wishes that it were otherwise, he is, so far, a savage.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S REPORT.

The report of the Postmaster-General has been awaited with peculiar interest, and it will not disappoint expectation. No appointment of President Garfield was received with more universal satisfaction than that of Mr. James to the head of the department of the public service for which he had shown especial capacity. The satisfaction which greeted the appointment was a signal illustration of the wide-spread public sentiment that in the public service of this country, of every grade, the principle of selection should be that of Napoleon, "the tools to those who can use them." The first point in the report which arrests the gratified attention of the country is that while the actual service has been extended at an expense of some $500,000, there has been a reduction of $1,700,000 in the Star Routes; and that while there has long been an annual deficit of several millions of dollars, if there should be an increase of revenue of eight per cent., which is a moderate estimate, the deficit can be made less than a million, while if it should be about ten per cent., the postal service would become self-supporting. In this situation, and with certain changes and economies that the report recommends, the Postmaster-General thinks that a reduction of letter postage from three to two cents would be at once feasible.

The report proposes an extension of the postal-order and money-order systems, and the establishment of postal savings depositories, and deprecates the use of the Post-office as an express company to carry merchandise. It states that the conveyance of third and fourth class matter is steadily unremunerative, and tends to prevent the self-support of the proper postal service. There is something, however, to be said in opposition to this view. The principle of the greatest public convenience, upon which the money-order and postal-order systems are to be justified, may be pleaded also for carrying books and seeds and small merchandise of all kinds throughout the sparsely peopled frontier, which they would never reach otherwise. The Post-office in this country has been always regarded as in this way an agency of civilization, and we think that this view may be reasonably maintained.

But the most significant point in this admirable and suggestive report is that, as the Post-office Department was the first to be methodically prostituted to the basest uses of political and party patronage, so it is the head of the Post-office Department which recommends a thorough reform of the evil practice. After a strong and simple statement of the true principle of the public service as a public trust, and of the fact that the disregard of this truth involves the character and success of republican institutions—we print elsewhere this portion of the report—the Postmaster-General argues that minor appointments should not be made by personal favor, but by proper qualifications ascertained by impartial tests, open to all applicants upon equal terms. This recommendation has the greatest possible weight, because it proceeds from the ablest administrator and most experienced chief of a department now in the public service, who has thoroughly tested the practical value of the method that he recommends. This testimony and proposition of the Postmaster-General are by far the most important sign of the progress of opinion upon this subject that has appeared. It will certainly be one of the signal distinctions of the Arthur administration if the reform suggested by its Postmaster-General should become the practice of the department and of the Administration; and it is evident that this firm and temperate and detailed recommendation makes it impossible for Mr. James's successor to return to the old abuse of the department as a party machine without impairing general confidence in the Administration.

A SECOND FAILURE.

The failure of the second movement in the Star Route prosecutions, so soon following that of the first, is at least singular, if not suspicious. Those who are believed to be involved in the frauds, or who are friendly to the accused, have been declaring with loud assurance that nothing would be done, and that the trials were a farce. If the country should be compelled to adopt this view, it would be hard to persuade it that the Administration is in earnest.

The evident effort to "break down" Mr. MacVeagh upon the part of those who are not very emphatic in sympathy with the prosecution may gradually be seen to spring from the opposition to the effort to punish the robbers. If it was supposed that the prosecutions might fail, it is clear why there should be a desire to hold Mr. MacVeagh responsible for the failure. But if there were a serious determination to press them, and to take every step to secure the conviction and punishment of the robbers, it could make no difference whether Mr. MacVeagh resigned or remained. Everything in connection with the suits thus far, excepting the professions of zeal upon the part of the government prosecutors, tends to favor the theory which has been advanced that Mr. MacVeagh doubted with how much energy the suits would be urged.

It has been also stated that his resignation was not accepted because it was understood that he had expressed this doubt, and it was feared that if he retired and the suits failed, his doubts would appear to be justified. But how is the matter helped by declining to accept his resignation when the course of events seems to vindicate his alleged apprehension? The unprecedented attempt to cast discredit and suspicion upon a member of the cabinet for resigning, under circumstances which made his resignation both natural and proper, is unpleasantly suggestive. The Administration could do itself and the country no higher service than to show unmistakably its determination that the farce of the Whiskey Ring prosecutions shall not be repeated.

A WORD FOR THE STREET-CLEANERS.

Mr. Coleman, the head of the Street-cleaning Bureau, feels that he has hardly had fair play from the Weekly in the matter of the recent condition of a part of Broadway between Seventeenth and Twenty-third streets, and we gladly give place to his explanation.

For some weeks the Department of Public Works was repairing that section of Broadway, and the sidewalks were piled both with the stone that was removed and that which was to be used. As the pavement was laid, it was covered as usual with sand to the depth of an inch or two. This was not sprinkled, as the Commissioner of Public Works, who has exclusive control of the Croton water, thought that he had not a sufficient supply for sprinkling. The inevitable result was clouds of dust, and great and just annoyance to the people at that point. But there was no just complaint against the Street-cleaning Department, for that department can not forbid the "Public Works" to repair the streets, nor to cover the repairs with sand, nor can it command the use of the water or remove the sand. In this case, however, the street-cleaning authorities did ask permission to remove the sand, but were assured by the "Public Works" that they would attend to it.

In this conflict of authorities the street-cleaners were apparently not to blame for the dusty result, and Mr. Coleman has been unfairly reproached. Broadway is cleaned every night from the Battery to Thirty-fifth Street, and we presume that the real difficulty and ground of complaint elsewhere, as in the case we have mentioned, lies in the want of exclusive authority in the Street-cleaning Department to do whatever is necessary to keep the streets clean. Legislation of the kind that we mentioned last week as embodied in the Chandler bill may yet be found to be the only effective remedy.

ANCIENT ALBANY.

A special committee of the Albany Institute, of which Mr. W. H. Bogart is chairman, has proposed a simple plan of local memorials which ought to become universal in this country. It is that of marking the sites associated with famous men and events, and the movement is well begun in ancient Albany. The committee plead also for the preservation of two old buildings, the Pemberton house, of the time of Queen Anne, as a relic of unparalleled historical value, illustrating the very form of the original and early Albany. The other is "the Schuyler mansion," the house of General Schuyler, in which Alexander Hamilton was married, and rich with patriotic associations. It is suggested that the city buy the former, and the State the latter.

The committee further propose that the line of the ancient stockade defense of the city against the Indians and their allies, the site of Fort Orange when the city was under the government of Holland, and of Fort Frederic when it was ruled by England, shall be commemorated by plain and suitable marble columns duly inscribed. They further recommend a marble tablet to show the site of the house of Philip Livingston, who signed the Declaration of Independence, and another tablet to be placed upon the wall of the new City Hall to perpetuate the gracious salutation of George Washington to old Albany.

These pious suggestions are excellent. They involve an expense which is inconsiderable, and they invest the city with an intelligible and graceful interest. Such memorials, indeed, not only preserve distinctly the recollection of famous men and places, but they attest the public spirit of those who erect them, and thereby doubly nourish that just local pride which happily affects both character and action. Should the propositions be carried into effect, they would prove the Albany of to-day to be inspired by the same feeling which makes the names of Schuyler and Livingston illustrious.

BOOKS FOR THE SEASON, AND FOR ALL SEASONS.

The Harpers have just published several valuable and delightful books, a few of which only we can name, but all of which are worthy of the attention of that respected person, the buyer. There will be no more interesting and beautiful gift book this year than *The Heart of the White Mountains*, by Samuel Adams Drake, with illustrations by W. Hamilton Gibson. Mr. Drake's familiarity with New England scenery, and his felicitously descriptive pen, are known; and Mr. Gibson, whose last year's holiday book, *Pastoral Days*, is memorable as the most exquisite series of wood-engravings ever issued, finds himself among the mountains in his most sympathetic field.

Of Du Chaillu's *Land of the Midnight Sun*, a vivid and charming picture of Scandinavian life, we have already spoken. *Harper's Cyclopædia of American History*, from the earliest to the latest time, is the last work of that indefatigable historical student Mr. Benson J. Lossing, and its idea is both novel and admirable. The *Cyclopædia* is designed for the mass of readers who can not command time to master the great histories, and furnishes at once the special information upon persons and events in American history which they require. This is furnished in the most concise manner, so that as a book of historical reference it is unique.

The publishers of Young People have naturally remembered the boys and girls. The volume of Young People itself for 1881, with its 832 pages and 750 illustrations, would be an exceedingly attractive and welcome gift to all the Christmas expectants. The third part of Knox's *Boy Travellers in the Far East* is fascinating, and its profuse and capital illustrations happily tell the story to the eye and fire the imagination. *The Cruise of the "Ghost,"* by W. L. Alden, is a charming voyage in familiar waters described with the happy knack of "an old boy." Indeed, of the Harpers' holiday list it may be said in the words of the old advertisements, "every taste and purse will be suited." And surveying the Christmas literary wares upon all sides, the loiterer in the bewildering shops, rejoicing that the days of "Keepsakes," "Souvenirs," and "Annuals" are passed, and that the days of really valuable and interesting books have come, may wisely empty his purse, thank God, and take courage.

WORDS FITLY SPOKEN.

The recommendation by the Postmaster-General of the methods of administrative reform which Harper's Weekly has long advocated is an event so significant that we gladly copy his words. They seem to us to state sound principles upon the subject temperately, strongly, and concisely. The question will undoubtedly be taken up in Congress, and this expression of opinion by one of the highest officers of the government, at the head of the great patronage department, will necessarily have a powerful influence.

"Careful observation in this department and elsewhere has but confirmed my conviction of the great public benefit to be derived from conducting the public business on business principles. Some method of relief must be provided from the overwhelming pressure for appointment to clerkships and other subordinate positions, and from the equal pressure for the removal of capable and experienced assistants to make room for those who are not more competent. The public service is a public trust to which every citizen may properly aspire, and the public interest plainly demands that admission to it should not depend upon personal favor, because such favor can not well be impartial, and because a system of appointment by mere influence may be readily perverted to the promotion of private interests and personal ambition. Appointment by influence naturally results in making the tenure of office depend, not upon fidelity and efficiency in the discharge of official duty, but upon the assiduous cultivation of the favor of a patron. Such a tenure is incompatible with the self-respect of the incumbent, and the service must necessarily suffer from the decline of its morale. But the evil consequences can not be limited to the public service; they affect all political action, the purity and vigor of the government, and the national character itself. The question therefore is one of far higher importance than that of the comparative fitness of clerks in the employment of the government, and really concerns the character and success of republican institutions.

"The first step, in my judgment, toward the relief of the appointing officers, and the promotion of the greater efficiency and economy of the civil service, would be a method of minor appointment which should be independent of personal or partisan influence. In some important government offices of which I have had personal knowledge such a system is already in operation. In those offices minor appointments are determined solely by proper qualifications, ascertained by impartial tests open to all applicants upon equal terms. The great success which has attended this method of selection proves its practicability, while the good results, both in the service and in the character of the officers thus selected, demonstrate its value. The extension of this method under uniform conditions is earnestly to be desired, both to correct familiar evils in the public service itself, and to remove the still graver evils which spring from them.

"In my opinion, the same general principles should govern the selection and retention of employés in this department. The public is best served by honest, experienced, and competent officers, and changes therefore should be made carefully, and only for reasons affecting official conduct. My views upon this subject are the result of prolonged official experience, and I am persuaded that the practical application of these principles would promote public morality, increase the economy and efficiency of the public service, and assuage the fury of party spirit, against which Washington warned the country as its chief peril."

PERSONAL.

A friend in Bethany, West Virginia, alluding to the notice of the widow of Alexander Campbell published in the Weekly of November 5, says: "Yesterday morning (November 4) Mrs. Campbell walked from her house to the college, over half a mile, and was in the chapel in time for prayers, at eight o'clock. This for a lady of eighty is doing pretty well."

—Casper Fritz, one of the few survivors, if not the only one, of the battle of Austerlitz, lives in West Liberty, Ohio County, West Virginia. Although an old man, he was able to cultivate a small garden during the past summer, and is now very busy in caring for his crop of fall vegetables. He fought under Bonaparte, and carries two scars as tokens of that service.

—Mr. W. H. Bishop, the author of *Detmold*, is now in Southern California, with a special artist, preparing a series of illustrated papers on that region for Harper's Magazine. These will follow his papers on Mexico, the first of which will appear in the January number of that periodical.

—The more that is published of the late Baron James Rothschild, the more interesting becomes his character. He was the literary member of his family, and habitually frequented the National Library. Last winter he copied twenty thousand lines of an ancient French work. He did it himself, because the work demanded great accuracy, and he would not trust a copyist. So remarkable was his book-lore that booksellers, when at fault, would often refer to him. He never dined out, never played cards, never went to clubs. In the evening he worked at his favorite pursuits until midnight. Yet he was punctually at the office of the famous house, where the three brothers and two nephews met every day at eleven. His generosity is said to have been distinguished by peculiar delicacy and kindness.

—Mr. Joseph Jefferson, in a recent letter to a gentleman of Cincinnati, says that he first appeared on the stage February 20, 1829, and adds: "I have played Rip Van Winkle about twenty-five hundred times, for which may I be forgiven in another and a better world, where there will be no matinées and no managers." Rather hard, that, on the managers.

—President Arthur was elected on the 13th October an honorary member of the Union League Club—a distinction very rarely conferred, only about a dozen persons having been thus honored. Among them are the names of Abraham Lincoln, General Grant, General Sherman, Admiral Farragut, and Admiral Porter. Peter Cooper and the Rev. Dr. Bellows are the only ones elected in recent years.

—Lord Lytton had always the personal peculiarity of writing in perfect isolation. His study was remote, and all noise was forbidden. While writing, the floor about him would be strewn with books and papers, and so jealous was he of the privacy of this sanctum that few were ever admitted within its walls. In his latter days he never gave more than three hours to composition. After silently eating a light breakfast, he would enter his study at ten, and regularly at one o'clock he would emerge, his work over for the day.

—A fortnight after he was shot, President Garfield attempted, at the request of one of the friends about him, to use a pen. He wrote on a slip of paper: "James A. Garfield. Strangulatus pro Republica."

—Bishop Kip, of San Francisco, recently joined in wedlock the Rev. Walter Ching Young and Miss Ah Tim. Mr. Young is an Episcopal minister educated in the Eastern States, and Miss Tim is a cultivated young lady of Hong-Kong. It was the first fashionable Chinese wedding in this country. The groom wore his clerical robes, and the bride robes of Chinese cut, including a cloak-like dress of blue, lined with bright scarlet and trimmed with gold-color.

—Canon Farrar is to preach the sermon in behalf of the Printers' Pension Corporation at the unveiling of the Caxton memorial window in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, of which Canon F. is rector.

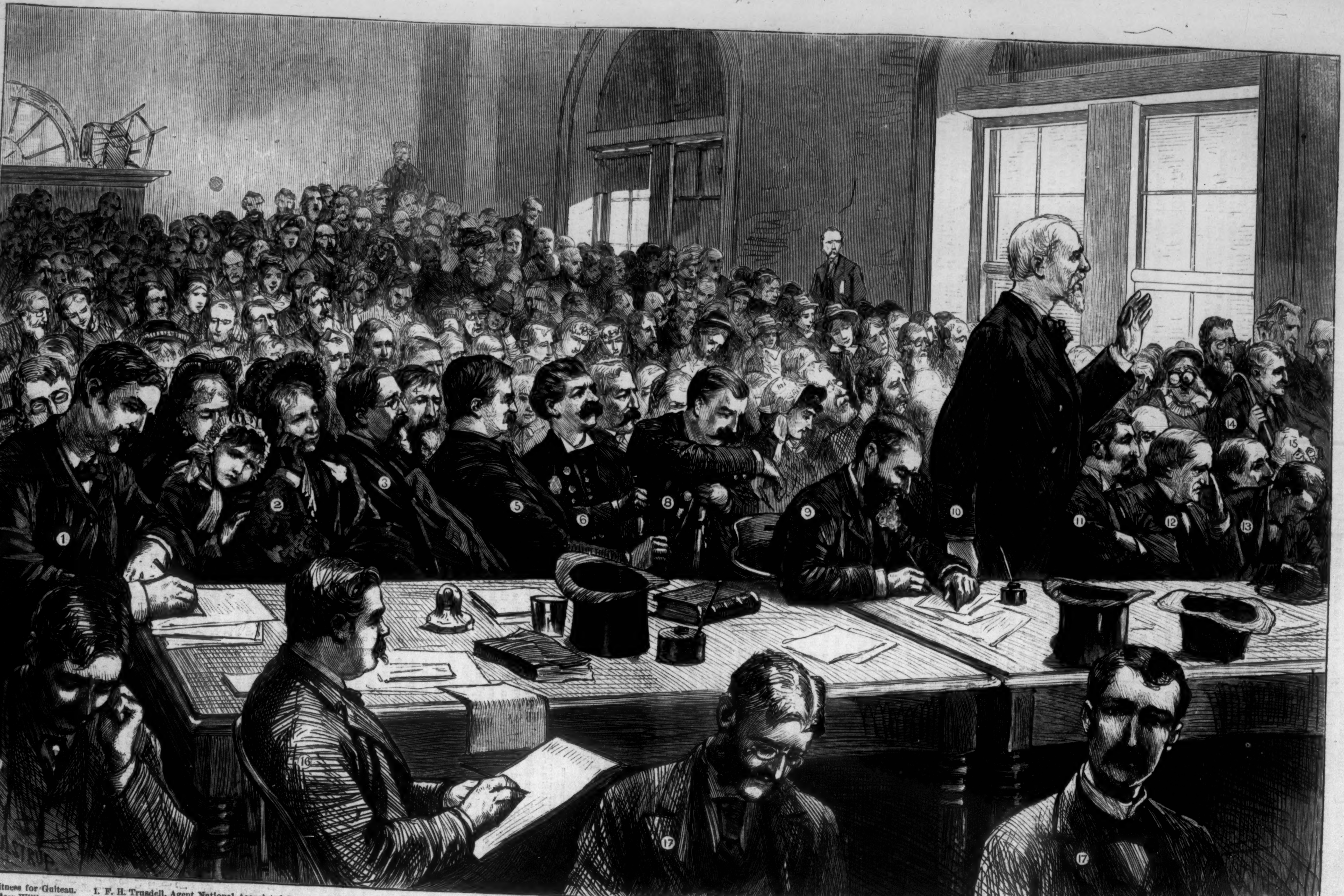
—Prince Prisdang of Siam was conspicuous among the guests at the recent court festivities in Vienna. He was clad in gold-embroidered shoes, violet silk stockings, gold-embroidered mantle, and golden helmet. He presented to the Princess Stephanie wedding gifts of the most gorgeous Siamese description.

—The Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Brooklyn, was made the recipient of an agreeable surprise on the evening of November 19, the thirty-fifth anniversary of his pastorate, when he was presented by his friends with a certified check for $35,000.

—Mrs. Lucy Hamilton Hooper writes from Paris of Queen Margherita of Italy: "I am told that there are few ladies in Europe so well versed in American literature as she, Longfellow ranking first and Hawthorne second of our authors. It is also said that she cherishes the idea of one day sending the young Prince of Naples to America to study our institutions and people."

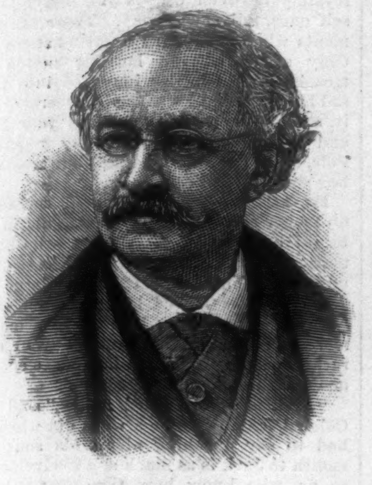
—President Woolsey believes in the equities. He is reputed as saying: "When I was president of Yale College, I was asked if I would be willing to admit women as students there. I replied that I would if Vassar College would admit young men. That ended the discussion." Upon this the *Independent* remarks: "We suppose that Vassar was founded because women could not have the advantages they needed in Yale College. If Yale and other colleges had not excluded women, nobody would have thought of starting Vassar College. When, as is fast coming to be the case, the old colleges generally admit girls, we shall expect that the girls' colleges will be quite as few as the boys'. We allow that possibly a Yale and a Vassar may be left that will remain as dried and still drying specimens—preserved, as it were, in arsenic."

—Mr. Chauncey M. Depew is known to the country as one of the ablest of political speakers and most felicitous of after-dinner talkers. He has recently developed a new faculty by dropping into theology. A short time since he delivered an address at the opening of a fair under the auspices of the young ladies of the Church of the Heavenly Rest, and evinced his familiarity with Biblical history by saying: "Long ago the churches were allowed to hold fairs, and while they were in progress the merchants were compelled to close their places of business. When the Bishop of Winchester held his great fair, the doors of all the shops in London were closed for a week by law. With the proceeds of the fair was reared a temple that was the pride of ecclesiastical England. If the bulls and bears of Wall Street were to contribute their profits to this fair while in progress, they would lay up treasures never before credited to them."

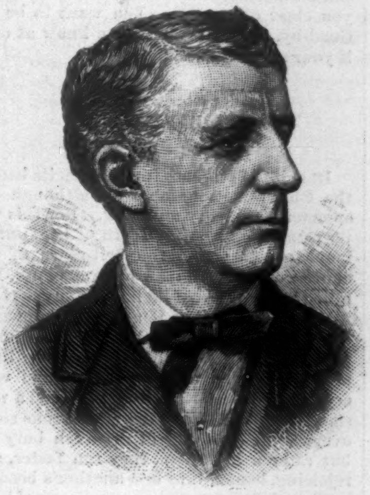


0. Witness for Guiteau. 1. F. H. Trusdell, Agent National Associated Press. 2. Mrs. Scoville, sister of Guiteau, and little daughter. 3. Dr. J. H. North, witness for defense. 4. Witness for defense. 5. J. Wilson Guiteau, brother of prisoner. 6. Officer Cunningham. 7. Deputy-Marshal J. H. Tall. 8. Officer William Edelin. 9. Charles J. Guiteau, the assassin. 10. Mr. Scoville, counsel for Guiteau. 11. Leigh Robinson, late of counsel for Guiteau. 12. Davidge, for government prosecution. 13. E. B. Smith, of Department of Justice, for government. 14. District Attorney Corkhill, for prosecution. 15. Judge Porter, for prosecution. 16. Artist Harper's Weekly. 17, 17, 17. Reporters and artists.

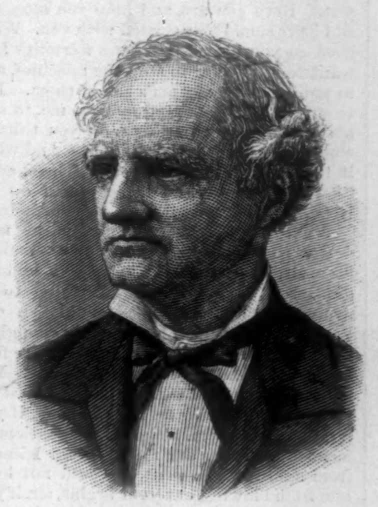
THE TRIAL OF CHARLES JULES GUITEAU—A SCENE IN COURT.—From a Sketch by J. O. Davidson.



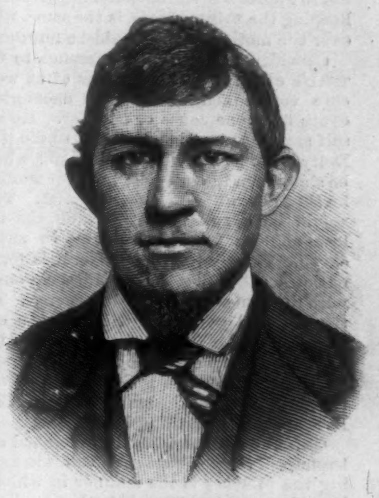
J. K. PORTER, OF COUNSEL FOR PROSECUTION.—Photographed by Sarony.



E. B. SMITH, OF COUNSEL FOR PROSECUTION. Photographed by Bell.



WALTER W. DAVIDGE, OF COUNSEL FOR PROSECUTION.—Photographed by Bell.

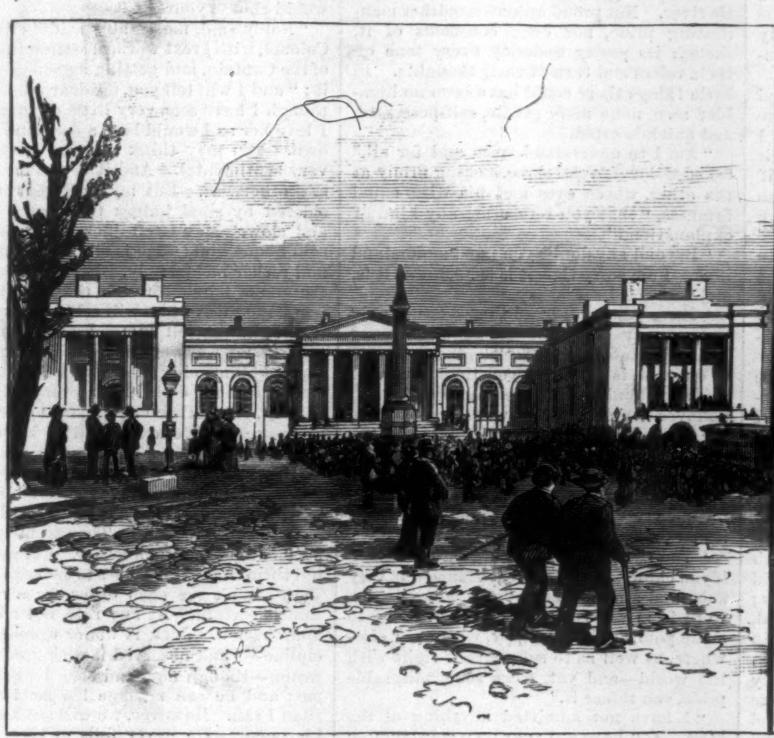


W. J. JONES, ALLEGED ASSAILANT OF GUITEAU.

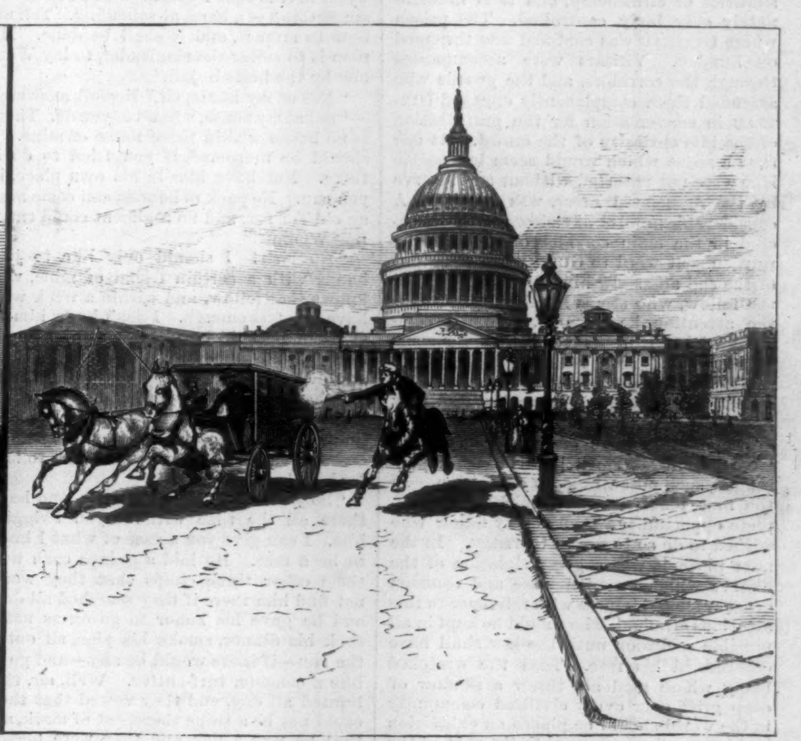
THE GUITEAU TRIAL.

"Citizen Danton," wrote Thomas Paine in 1793, "during the American Revolution I witnessed the enormous evils growing out of the sojourn of Congress within the jurisdiction of each of several municipal governments." These he described as especially arising from the efforts of the people of the temporary capitals to control the action of the general government; but if Mr. Paine had witnessed the disgraceful incidents of the trial of the President's assassin, even his incredulous mind would have conceded that the populace of a capital "apart" is not necessarily an improvement on that of a large city. None of the cities in which the Congress of the Revolutionary days held its sessions would have tolerated such scandalous occurrences; none of the States in which these cities were situated but could have provided a better tribunal, a better police force, and a general system more efficient, secure, and dignified, than that of which the nation now bears the discredit in the District of Columbia.

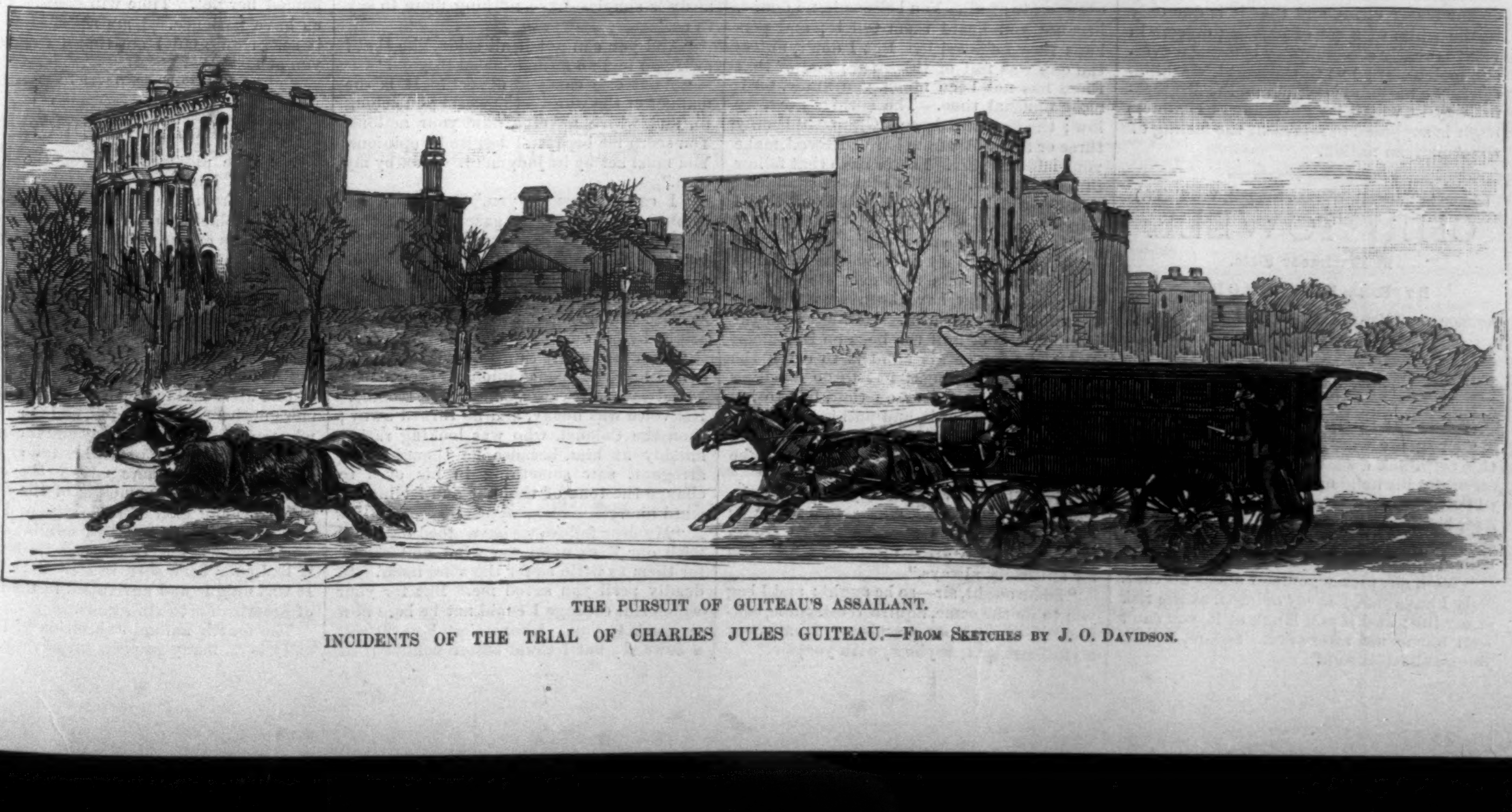
The manner in which Guiteau has been guarded has been to the last degree stupid and imbecile. He has now been three times assaulted, twice with obvious murderous intent, and these attacks have produced no perceptible increase in the vigilance with which he is protected. The attempt on his life which took place on Saturday, the 19th of November, was such as might have been expected in Leadville in the case of a horse-thief. A reckless man, mounted on a fleet horse, was allowed to follow the prison van for more than half a mile, approach it, locate his victim, and then fire at him, with only such danger as a single policeman's rapid and unskillful shot produced. It makes no difference whether the assailant was, in the current slang of the hour, a "crank," or whether he was one of a band of determined conspirators. The evidence which his act gives of the utter insufficiency of the precautions taken



THE CITY HALL, WASHINGTON—COURT-ROOM ON THE RIGHT.



THE ATTEMPT ON GUITEAU'S LIFE.



THE PURSUIT OF GUITEAU'S ASSAILANT.

INCIDENTS OF THE TRIAL OF CHARLES JULES GUITEAU.—From Sketches by J. O. Davidson.

for the prisoner's safety, and of the utter failure to appreciate the national importance of keeping the prisoner safe, is the same, whatever the motive of the would-be murderer.

Considered solely with reference to GUITEAU'S own fate, probably few of us would care very much whether he encountered death from one cause or another. He himself says that he "is not afraid to die if the Deity wills it, but that he does not wish to be shot down like a dog"; in other words, as he shot down his illustrious victim. There would be a rude justice, which the most law-abiding would recognize, in such a death. It is not for his sake, it is for the nation's sake, that he should be guarded with the utmost vigilance and energy. That the national government, in its own capital, over which the laws of Congress have absolute sway, should be unable to reserve to its own tribunals and its own agencies the punishment of the murderer of the Chief Executive, is something intolerable.

Quite of a piece with the wretched carelessness of the government officials in guarding the prisoner is the manner in which he is made to exhibit himself to the people who care to visit his prison. On Sunday, the 20th, the day after the brazen attempt at murdering him in the van, there was a great deal of excitement in Washington. The resident population of the city is of a very promiscuous character, and, apart from the government employés, mostly of an inferior class. It is not a community which feels very strongly the proprieties or the responsibilities of citizenship, and it is unfortunately only laxly controlled. The prison where GUITEAU was confined was thronged on Sunday. Visitors were accompanied through the corridors, and the guards who attended them complacently engaged GUITEAU in conversation for the gratification of the idle curiosity of the crowd. At one time a scene which would seem impossible if it were not reported without any reserve by the Associated Press, was enacted. A considerable number of visitors having gathered in the main corridor of the jail, the warden sent word to GUITEAU to come out of the cell and show himself. This request the fellow, who seems highly pleased with the attention he attracts, promptly complied with. He paraded himself for some moments, and then he retired, making a semi-military salute to the crowd, "with a smile." It is difficult to understand how American officials with the slightest sense of the requirements of their office could have permitted, much less could have arranged, such an outrageous exhibition. In the first place, it was furnishing a complete opportunity for any crazy fellow who wished to do so to fire at GUITEAU. In the next place, it was a gross violation of the reserve which common-sense and common decency should impose with reference to this atrocious criminal, who should be kept in all possible seclusion until the law shall have determined his fate. That the wretched being whose mad act threw a shadow of deep grief over every civilized community in the world should be placed on exhibition by his guardians, exposed to the gaze of the idle crowd, and allowed on the Sabbath day to display his cheap antics like a half-tamed chimpanzee in some wandering menagerie, is a thing so hopelessly vulgar, wicked, and disgusting that it makes one doubt the reality of the progress in social refinement of which our age and our land are wont to boast. We may seek to console ourselves with the reflection that this unseemly occurrence would have been impossible in any of our larger cities, and that it is due only to the whim of a set of careless officers in what is really a community below the average in decency; but to the world, Washington is the national capital, and the disgraceful way in which its government conducts itself is supposed to represent the feeling of the American nation.

[Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

BY R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "MARY ANERLEY," "LORNA DOONE," "CRIPPS, THE CARRIER," ETC.

CHAPTER XLII.—(*Continued.*)

THE ISLAND ROCKS.

"UPON my word, a very pretty state of things!" Jack exclaimed, so loudly that the other put his hand up. "A gentleman is not to leave his own house, not to go about his own business even, without the permission of a lot of sheep-stealers! Howell, I don't believe a word of your nonsense."

"Well, sir, please yourself about all that. Only I have told you my opinion, at the risk of my life; and if you laugh at it, you can't well blame me afterward. Squire, I wish you good-afternoon."

"No, you shall not do anything of the sort. Here you are, and here you stop, until I have something settled with you. What good do you do me by vague warnings? I want to know how to stop the mischief, and to punish every mother's son of them. If a scoundrel was scheming against me, to suit his own rascally purposes, do you think I wouldn't have it out with him? And when it is done against those that I love, am I likely to run away and let them do it? Howell, I shall go with you to your house."

Whatever his license may be, no man desires to be consumed on his own premises. "No, sir," said Howell; "it would make a great row, which is just the thing to be avoided. And what good could you do? You are strong enough and brave enough to meet one man, I dare say. But here are four of them, and all with heavy fire-arms. You have saved my life, and I will not destroy yours, which would be done at once if you ran in among them. The 'black gentleman' has a liking for your father—that I know, from many things—but it would not keep him from blowing out your brains, sir, if you tried to cross him. You must bear in mind how long he has lived out-of-doors, and that makes men think much less of life. I have been out-of-doors myself for months together, and life becomes a puff of air among such people."

"What you say is sensible. And I have no right to bring you into danger. You have acted fairly and kindly by me, and you shall have no reason to regret it. But the worst of it is that I don't see what to do. I am nothing of a hand at scheming. Tell me how to stop it, and it shall be done. My plan is to collar the ringleader, to lay Wenlow by the heels in jail."

"Not at my house, sir," Howell answered —"not at my house, whatever you do. There is no house within three miles of mine. I should be murdered, if you tried to do it there. But have him in his own place, if you can. No pack of hounds can come nigh an old Tor fox, and no regiment could catch Bog Wenlow."

"Rubbish! I should only like to join hands with a certain friend of mine, who knows that fellow, and within a week we'd have him fast enough. I don't know him by sight, or I would have a shy at him immediately. He shifts about, here and there and everywhere, they say, according to the weather and his wants or whims; but Cranmere is his head-quarters, I believe, and I know Cranmere as well as any one can know it. I have been there several times to look for him."

"So you might, sir, fifty times, and he be there all the time without you twigging him. I can give you a case of what I know to be a fact. He laid a guinea each with them other three chaps that they would not find him there if they searched all day; and he gave his honor to go on as usual, cook his dinner, smoke his pipe, sit out in the sun—if there would be any—and go on like a common turf-cutter. Well, sir, they hunted all day, and they vowed that there could not be a snipe there, out of mark, and that he was a liar, and they were blessed if they would pay, when sudden there he was in the middle of them, with one of them new-fangled pipes in his mouth that are made of the froth of the sea, by all account. He had been there all day, looking at them sometimes, sometimes not concerned to do it."

"I don't believe a rap of all that story," said Jack, who was hardened into disbelief at Oxford. "I don't mean to say that you exaggerate at all. You believe it, no doubt, because you heard them tell it; and perhaps they believed it. But I don't, unless the day was full of thick fog; and of that there has not been much, you know, for a most unusual time. The springs are very low; the bogs are down. Cranmere is only three or four miles from here. Howell, make your mind at ease. I shall have that fellow in a day or two. And of course I shall hold you clear of it. Nobody shall know that I have even seen you."

"If I may ask you a favor, sir, it would be to leave it till my son comes home. Rees is the bravest man that ever stepped the earth, and might have been an officer, except for being bashful. He knows all the ins and outs of half the bogs on Dartmoor, and the turn of his mind is to catch the proper end of things; not to go dwelling on this side stroke or on that, but to lay hold on the core of it, and pull it up to daylight. Ah! if he had only been born when I was, he would have stood next to the Duke by now."

"Then I wish with all my heart that he was here," said Jack, whose forehead was wrinkled with a world of doubts. "My father has been a great officer, but he waits for authority always."

"So he ought, sir—so he ought; and I beg you to do the same, Squire Westcombe, concerning of my poor premises. I have put myself straight, anyhow, with you, sir."

"Yes, to a certain extent, you have. I shall take my own course, but I will keep you clear of trouble. You want to be off. Good-by, my friend. Let me know at once if your son comes home."

CHAPTER XLIII.

TWO PROUD MEN.

IN spite of all these turmoils on its banks, the Christow went on well, although the summer was so dry and long. For this water came from a noble depth of bog, purely inexhaustible; and the bell-ropes of the church, with three men upon a plank, had failed to give sign of its having any bottom. And not only so, but if anything happened to choke the gullet of that bog, this fortunate brook possessed at least a dozen little pitchers bedded in the hill-side, and with crystal radiance brimmed. Each had a very small supply to start with, and a stone could overwhelm, or a clot of dry rush bury it; but after a little run, they ran faster, and rejoicing, leaped into one another's bosoms.

Therefore there still was greensward here, and green bushes waving off all dreams of autumn in the Captain's garden, where the sun was mild. Refreshing sounds arose through the brush-wood overhanging, and the play of light was pleasant in the channel of the shadows. But what heed do men pay to such trifles when their minds are working and their hearts are up?

Two proud men stood facing one another on the quiet grass bank here beside the little river. Not proud unjustly, neither manifesting pride, nor even conscious of it, though its power underlay every tone of their voices and turn of their thoughts. In little things there could have been no humbler men, none more gentle, self-possessed, and quick-hearted.

"Am I to understand, once and for all," asked Colonel Westcombe, looking firmly at the other, whose eyes met his with equal firmness, "that you refuse me any kind of explanation?"

"Beyond any doubt you must understand it so. I am sorry that it is so. But so it is, and must be."

"Have you considered that it is not only your own question, but also that of others? That this set obstinacy wrecks the prospects of one who is dearer to you than yourself? I mean not only as concerns my son—though he loves her dearly, and would have made her happy—but also concerning all her chance of settling in her own rank of life with a man she could respect?"

"All that I have thought of, not only now, but for years, and it grieves me deeply, but it does not alter my resolve."

"You admit that you could clear yourself if you chose"—the Colonel's glance was very keen and almost stern; "you admit that a word from you is the only thing needed to make your daughter happy, with us or elsewhere, as well as to set yourself right with the world—and yet, from some miserable pride, you refuse it."

"I have not admitted anything of the kind. You have put your own construction upon the case. And it is not for you to talk of pride."

"I see what you mean. You have rebuked me there. But only from the most romantic point of view. Can you expect me to look over the position in which you choose to stand?"

"No, Colonel Westcombe, I do not," Mr. Arthur answered, calmly; "neither would I let you do so, if you wished it. The remedy is simple—have nothing more to say to us."

"And you can put it all aside, like that? as if you had no flesh or blood in you?"

"What else can you expect? It is the manner of the world—the world you belong to, and which governs now your actions. You scorn me because I despise its opinions. You must act by its judgment. I act by my own."

"I can believe of you," Colonel Westcombe answered, with a gaze of deep astonishment, "anything and everything when you talk thus. There is nothing that such a man may not do, because he is his own standard. But there never yet was any one so wise and grand as to measure himself aright by his own measure."

"That is the last thing I would desire to do. I love the good opinion of all good men —and especially yours, Colonel Westcombe." His voice was husky, and he turned away; then the Colonel, who was looking rather harshly at him, because he thought him arrogant, saw something in his eyes to change the tone of thought and feeling toward him.

"My dear fellow, we have stood together, with our lives upon the wind, and caring for them as little as for the wind itself. In deadly peril you saved me. But for your wonderful courage I could not be here now to speak to you. I hope that I never was a coward; but I could better believe it of myself than of you. I beg you, as one who could love you as a brother, drop this dark mystery between us. If you forgot yourself once, tell me bravely. There are moments when none of us know what we do. Only sweep off the horrible notion of treachery, which was imported into that sad business, and I will face the world about it, side by side with you; and your Rose and my Jack shall be happy together. Pole, as a dear friend, I take your hand and beg you."

Mr. Arthur turned to him, and concealed no longer the symptom of weakness in his bright brave eyes. Touched by the kindness of his old friend—the man of integrity, unspotted honor, wide fame, and large benevolence—he bowed his head and said: "Give me one month longer. One month more is all I ask. And surely your son, rather hasty as he is, will be able to endure one month of doubt."

"Jack is a hot-headed fellow," said the Colonel, smiling, as he always did when he had to say anything about his son; "a month to Jack is as much as a twelvemonth to us, who know how time goes. Jack, upon the whole, has behaved most wonderfully well throughout the proceedings. You scarcely seem to understand my son; but at least you will do him justice there."

"Gladly I will," answered Mr. Arthur. "I have been rough to him once or twice, as much for your sake as my own. Because I knew how you would be vexed about this. But I will own to you that if I had the choice of the world for my son-in-law, I would choose your son."

"Nobly said, most nobly said!" cried the Colonel, with great warmth seizing the hand of the Captain, and getting a good grip from it; "and I will tell you, my dear fellow, that though I have seen very little of your Rose, I love her as I would love a daughter of my own. You may think me very hasty and very sentimental. And it is not for me to say otherwise. But my judgment is considered by good judges to be very sound and slow. May I tell Jack what you have said about him? He is slightly depressed, and rather melancholy. Perhaps you have found me harsh through that. But what you have said of him will set him up again."

"Certainly, tell him. I owe him great amends. I was very short with him when I caught him going on—you understand—as we might have done in our young days."

"Yes, yes. True enough, we never make allowances. We are bound to keep them down; we must scold and snub them. But when we come to think of it, we begin to feel that we ought to have remembered what we used to do. What a pair they will make, if the Lord allows it! They seem to have been cut out for one another. But we won't tell them that till it comes to smooth sailing. They sha'n't see each other for a month; that is certain. At any rate, not with our approbation. Jack is under excellent discipline—Punk observed it with great admiration—though now and then he gets over me; and he can manage his mother more than I can. However, we will put him upon his honor. He never fails of that, as you know."

"Well," replied the Captain, with a twinkle in his eyes, "he would not be like his father if he ever failed in that. And he is like his father, and that set me in his favor the first time he came to catch my fish."

"Aha!" exclaimed the Colonel, to whom a very obvious joke was none the less attractive; "and he has caught your fish, your pet of all fishes. But he has not quite landed her yet. Time will show. But let us have patience. I am satisfied to leave it so. How glad I am that I came to see you at last!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SALMAGUNDI CLUB.

WE take pleasure in presenting to the readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY a page of sketches from the splendid collection of works in black and white, the productions of members of the Salmagundi Club, which now graces the walls of the New York Academy of Design. The annual exhibitions of this society have grown in interest and importance year by year, until they have become one of the most attractive art events of the winter season. The first exhibition, in 1878, excited but languid attention; that of 1879 attracted more visitors, and received more notice from the press, and from critics who perceived the tendency and importance of the movement, but still it failed to pay expenses. Undiscouraged by the apathy of the public, the members of the society, mostly young men of high aims and ambition, prepared for a third exhibition, and fairly took the city by storm. Nothing like it had ever been seen in New York before. It was unique and unrivalled in the history of American art exhibitions.

The fourth annual exhibition of this society is in many respects an advance upon that of last year, and visitors to the Academy will be rewarded by the sight of works which would have been impossibilities here before the organization of the club. There are many readers of HARPER'S WEEKLY who can remember when pictures in water-colors formed an insignificant and hardly noticed feature of the exhibitions of the National Academy of Design, and how slow and almost imperceptible was the growth of the society whose exhibitions have for several years rivalled those of the older organization. The Salmagundi Club has enjoyed a more rapid growth in public estimation; works in black and white are no longer exhibited in conjunction with oil-paintings or water-colors; and the public, educated by these exhibitions, and by the wonderful advance in the illustration of magazines and books, is able to appreciate and enjoy them.

CRUISE OF THE "ALLIANCE."

II.—GREEN BAY, SPITZBERGEN.

DIFFICULTIES of navigation may be said to reach their maximum in the arctic seas, and during the cruise of the United States steam-ship *Alliance* many were the dangers she encountered. About as serious a one as any was that which threatened her on the 26th of August last.

The vessel was skirting the ice on the Greenland coast, and early in the morning ice was seen on the starboard, but shortly afterward what was thought to be a clear passage was made out. Then a heavy fog set in, accompanied by strong winds. Now arctic navigators, when they notice that little sea arises from a heavy gale, come at once to the conclusion that there must be ice-fields in the neighborhood, which keep down the seas. As soon as it was possible to see, the fog having lifted, the officers of the *Alliance* found that their ship was fast being surrounded by the ice. They had sailed into a pocket, and a nip was to be prevented. This nip is the greatest source of danger to arctic explorers. Irresistible is the ice pressure. A vessel is surrounded by ice, which is impelled by a force which is far beyond human estimation. One of two things then happens—either the ship is crushed with as little to-do as a filbert, or she is lifted up above the ice. In the latter case there is every chance of her being ever after useless, for she has been twisted and strained, or she is quite as likely to remain held as in a vise for years to come, drifting hither and thither around the polar circle. Fortunately the watchful ice-pilot saw a small clear black space to the eastward, and the *Alliance*, with all her six boilers brought into use, steamed to the open, and retracing her course, barely managed to get through, and was saved. "Had we been," writes one of the officers of the *Alliance*, "but a half-hour later passing through this narrow ice strait, a description of how it all happened would never have reached the world."

In Green Bay, in Spitzbergen, a superb glacier was seen, and the illustration conveys some idea of its quiet grandeur. It extends for many miles along the coast, the part shown in the engraving being some ten miles long, with a height of 112 feet. Bird life at certain seasons seems to be plentiful on this inhospitable island, and the eider-duck abounds. On the left-hand side of the engraving is shown a favorite resort of the birds, found by the officers and men of the *Alliance*.

Innumerable were the mountains visible on the coast of Iceland, and the volcanic ridges in the distance presented views unsurpassed in weird magnificence. The marks of the fusion of the lava, and the sources from whence the molten material came, are always evident. Of all the awful and grand scenery in the world, that of Almannagja is unsurpassed. If Hecla still pours forth her torrents of lava, there are many extinct volcanoes which have been silent ever since man inhabited Iceland. The extinct volcano of Snaefell was visited by the explorers from the *Alliance*, and its gloomy height is represented at the bottom of the full-sheet illustration.

If Hecla is an appearance more terrific as a volcano than Katlugia, the latter is decidedly the more destructive. If a shading can be given to volcanoes as expressive of their varying powers, Icelandic ones may be said to be "paroxysmal, and the most dangerous and treacherous of the whole family." The eruption of the Skaptar Jokul, some ninety miles east of Hecla, which occurred ninety-eight years ago, was the most terrible on record. Such was the immense volume of lava and its thickness that it took two years to cool, and as to the amount of matter ejected, it was estimated at one hundred thousand millions of cubic yards.

After the search for the *Jeannette* in Spitzbergen, and cruises between the coasts of Norway and Iceland, the *Alliance* returned to Reykjavik, Iceland, but not before having encountered a gale of wind unparalleled for its severity. Fortunately, a gale of this character in the arctic summer is not accompanied with greatly increased cold, else the sufferings from exposure would be very dangerous. Cases have been authenticated of vessels off the Iceland coast having foundered from the fact of the freezing of the water thrown on deck, until from its accumulated mass and weight the vessel, becoming unmanageable, was lost.

In these Northern climes nothing can exceed the magnificence of the aurora, and though the fancy of the artist can draw its outlines, the coloring of it must forever escape the painter's brush. Away up in the high heavens spread and shoot these lights, now trailing as in fringes, now sweeping, rolling, and dancing on themselves, until they make the heavens resplendent with their glory.

BARTOLDI'S STATUE OF LIBERTY.

ON page 813 will be found an illustration of an interesting event which took place in Paris on the 24th of October, in the establishment where the cast of M. BARTOLDI'S famous statue of "Liberty Illuminating the World" is in course of preparation. The walls were decorated with the colors of the United States and France, and the occasion was the driving of the first rivet in the pedestal on which the statue will rest. The American Minister, Mr. MORTON, was invited to officiate, and to drive the rivet with his own hand. Many notable persons were present.

After the ceremony, all present signed a document written on parchment, ornamented with portraits of LAFAYETTE, ROCHAMBEAU, and WASHINGTON, setting forth the details of the occasion. It was a pleasant and graceful testimonial of the friendship which exists between France and the United States.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Conscience Money.—Bleeding Ireland.—A Literary Banquet.—Mysterious Disappearances.—Champion Draught Player.—The Umbrella Fiend.

IT has unfortunately come to light that those cases of tender conscience which have given the believer in human nature so much comfort, in connection with the payment of omitted income tax to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, have not the good motive that has been assigned to them. The six thousand and odd pounds, for example, so paid during our late financial year, have been due, it seems, to broad hints from the Income Tax Commissioners, "who, on discovering misstatements of income, offer the delinquents this method of avoiding prosecution." To use the words of the journal from which I cull this information, and which of themselves are very significant of the state of the morals of some people, "They do not *turn cowards and pay up* until they have been found out."

Poor Cetywayo has lost a wife in Zululand. He speaks of her as if she was his only one; says "his heart is darkened about her," but complains he has "no particulars." It is clear to my mind that he is in doubt as to who it is, for only four, I believe, are allowed him in his captivity. He is like the lover who mourned over the dead flower in his desk, but could not remember "who the deuce it was that gave him that forget-me-not." He is half resolved to come to England, and lay the state of his affairs before the national Powwow, that is to say, Parliament; "only," he says, "I do so dread the sea." I sympathize with him. I wouldn't undertake a voyage from the Cape even to be a member of the Powwow.

A stray shot from the rifle practice of the crew of the *Orwell* has struck an ancient Irishwoman in the hand, and the government has awarded her £200 in compensation. If her "bleeding country" could get similarly recompensed, we should hear no more of its wounds. I picture to myself the *Orwell* henceforth beset by large crowds from the Emerald Isle beseeching for a stray shot or two for the love of St. Patrick.

Manchester has given a banquet to its native novelist, Mr. Harrison Ainsworth. No one will grudge the old veteran his honors, though it can hardly be said they have been won in the locality assigned to them. His Lancashire novels are by no means his best, though upon the occasion in question it was natural he should descant upon them rather than on his more appreciated and better-known productions. I suppose, though it didn't occur to the Mayor to mention it, that *Jack Sheppard* is Mr. Ainsworth's most popular work. I remember, as a boy, delighting in his *Tower of London*. In Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, if I remember right, we find Sir Walter praising the young and gifted author of *Crichton*. What an idea of passed time this suggests! Mr. Ainsworth's modest remark, "I may be allowed to observe that for upward of forty years my pen has rarely been idle, and occasionally a novelist is a harder worker than he is supposed to be," is noteworthy. I wonder how many so-called "working-men" have worked so hard as he.

There has been a great stir lately about the numerous "mysterious disappearances" that have taken place, and there is no doubt there is much more of mystery and of tragedy in human life than commonplace folks have any idea of. But as to these "disappearances," a large minority of them take place through freak, and even ennui. The "three respectable young girls" who vanished from Birkenhead the other day have been found safe and well, while the motive they give for their act of folly, if not very reasonable, is at least intelligible. They were bored to extremity by their humdrum life at home. "We were all tired of Birkenhead," they aver. Very wrong, no doubt; but I *have* known people who have found even Liverpool a trifle dull.

A Scotchman calling himself the "Herd Laddie" is playing "farewell matches" at draughts—of which, it seems, he is "the champion"—previously to his departure for America. Of what next will there be champions? Yet I suppose it must be something to be acknowledged grand master even of bumble-puppy or tit-tat-to. As to draughts, however, I have always understood that among first-rate players it is the man who "wins the toss"—that is, makes the first move—who wins. Edgar Poe, if I remember right, gives the palm of intellectual superiority not only to whist (which I can easily imagine) over chess, but even to draughts (which I can't).

A rich Hebrew has departed, leaving legacies innumerable to charitable associations connected with his creed; among them, to the 'institution called 'My Sheaves Nephesh.'" What does this mean? It sounds like a Jewish pronunciation of "my thieves of nephews"; but this can hardly be, as he leaves his nephews money besides.

A man has at last been taken into custody for poking out a woman's eye with his umbrella. This is really a great step on the road to public justice. Hitherto, to judge by the way men carry their umbrellas, it has been thought quite a venial offense to blind a fellow-passenger. The mode is, among our young gentlemen of fashion, to stick their umbrellas under their arms, with the point behind them, exactly on a level with the average female's eye, and then, on any sudden stoppage, out it goes. I saw too unhappy ladies actually "dodging" two men's umbrellas, thus presented to them like fixed bayonets, half way down Regent Street yesterday. "Another way," as the cooks say, is for these fools to turn round suddenly to look into a shop window, when their umbrellas make a sweep like the wheel of a scythed chariot, when there is quite a *battue* of eyes.

R. KEMBLE, of London.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

FLIPPANT persons are quoting the late William Penn's observation, "Excess in apparel is a costly folly," and are asking how it was with regard to hat brims.

Jesse James loathes bank robbers. If he had lived in the East, he would know that bank robbers are the aristocracy of the State-prisons. In those communities within stone walls a prisoner's standing with his fellows depends entirely upon what he has done, and not in any way upon what he may be doing while in prison. A bank robber scrubbing the stone floor of the corridor is treated with a greater degree of deference by the other criminals than is a defaulter who is assigned to duty in one of the office rooms.

"No idle men here," says a Solomon City (Kansas) newspaper. Not a bad opening for some of the idle men who tramp the dusty roads of the East.

The name of a travelling salesman, whose field is the Sunny South, is Cheek.

The Mayor of a Wisconsin town ordered that a red flag be displayed from a house where there was small-pox. Before noon the building was surrounded by the frugal housewives of the place, anxious to know when the auction was to begin, and to raise their own bids on second-hand stew-pans and clothes-lines. The Common Council is now devising means to prevent the disease from becoming epidemic.

A candidate for a civil-service appointment, while undergoing examination, came to the question respecting the distance of the earth from the sun. Having in mind the changes made in astronomical figures by measurements made with modern instruments, he wrote, "I am unable to state accurately, but I don't believe the sun is near enough to interfere with a proper performance of my duties if I get a clerkship."

While a train was stopping at a station near Macon, Georgia, a young couple stood up in the aisle, and were made husband and wife. "This affair," says the chronicler, "was not a runaway match; it was only a scheme to avoid the wedding cards, wedding breakfast, claw-hammer coat, and white dress nonsense."

A teacher in a Missouri school took what she thought to be a small metal box of chewing-gum from one of the pupils, and tried to break it open with a hammer. It proved to be one of the dynamite torpedoes made for use in giving danger signals to railway trains. The teacher was severely hurt, and all the pupils now carry their gum in small metal boxes.

The laziest boy exists in Connecticut. His mother sent him to a neighbor's house after a cup of sour milk. On being told that there was none but sweet milk to be got, he helped himself to a chair, and said, "Well, I'll wait till it sours."

It is said that Horace Brooks, a life convict in the Ohio Penitentiary, who has been there for twenty-one years, and is now seventy-four years of age, owned a farm in the suburbs of Cleveland, which has since become a part of the city, and made him enormously rich. The story has it that a train ran over some sheep belonging to him, and the railroad company refused to make good his loss, whereupon he placed an obstruction on the track that wrecked the train and killed five passengers.

The vocabulary of slang is growing rapidly, and the choice seems to be given to short words. A "crank" is an insane person, and a "crook" is a variety of criminal.

Senator Mahone, who made a famous saying when Conkling and Platt took themselves out of the Senate, has again become the author of a notable utterance. It is he who said that Virginia has "been raising too many statesmen, and too little grain."

Information comes by way of a Southern channel that President Arthur will not allow gentlemen from the West to put their feet on his desk, or address him as "Chet."

As a slight variation upon the usual announcement that "our talented and handsome young friend" has been "spending a few days in our beautiful town," a Texas paper announces that a Houston judge, "one of the ugliest, jolliest, and best-natured men in the world, was in our city last Thursday, sloshing about in the mud."

The floods of last summer swept away the railway track for a distance of about seventy miles, save a short section of the embankment in Grand Cañon, on which a passenger-train was standing. The train is standing there yet.

Hunters of old iron and lead have found profit ever since the civil war in searching over the battle-fields in the vicinity of Petersburg, Virginia. The supply is not yet exhausted, large quantities of battered bullets and fragments of shells still being offered for sale in the Petersburg junk-shops.

A few years more of the dissemination of knowledge, and people will no longer hear the Indians referred to as the noble red men of the forest. Discoveries made in a cavern in Arizona prove that even the Indians of the far West were addicted to practicing on the flute years and years before the writers of romances took them up.

One of Queen Victoria's house-servants, not long ago, lost a number of keys, among which were those that gave access to apartments containing pictures and china of untold value. Thereupon trusted watchmen were set to guard the rooms until some thirty new locks had been put in the places of those which could be opened with the lost keys.

College oarsmen consider a three-mile pull, at the top of their speed, about as much as they can endure, but three crews of Minnesota lumbermen recently rowed an eighteen-mile race in working boats, which was hotly contested to the finish.

Pauperism has been the bane of Lexington Township, Maine, for nearly fifty years. When the town was incorporated, in 1833, it was then overburdened with paupers. A family that was at that time supported by the town is still on the pauper list, and has thus far cost the tax-payers forty-two thousand dollars. There are eighty voters, and the town's debt is about thirteen thousand dollars.

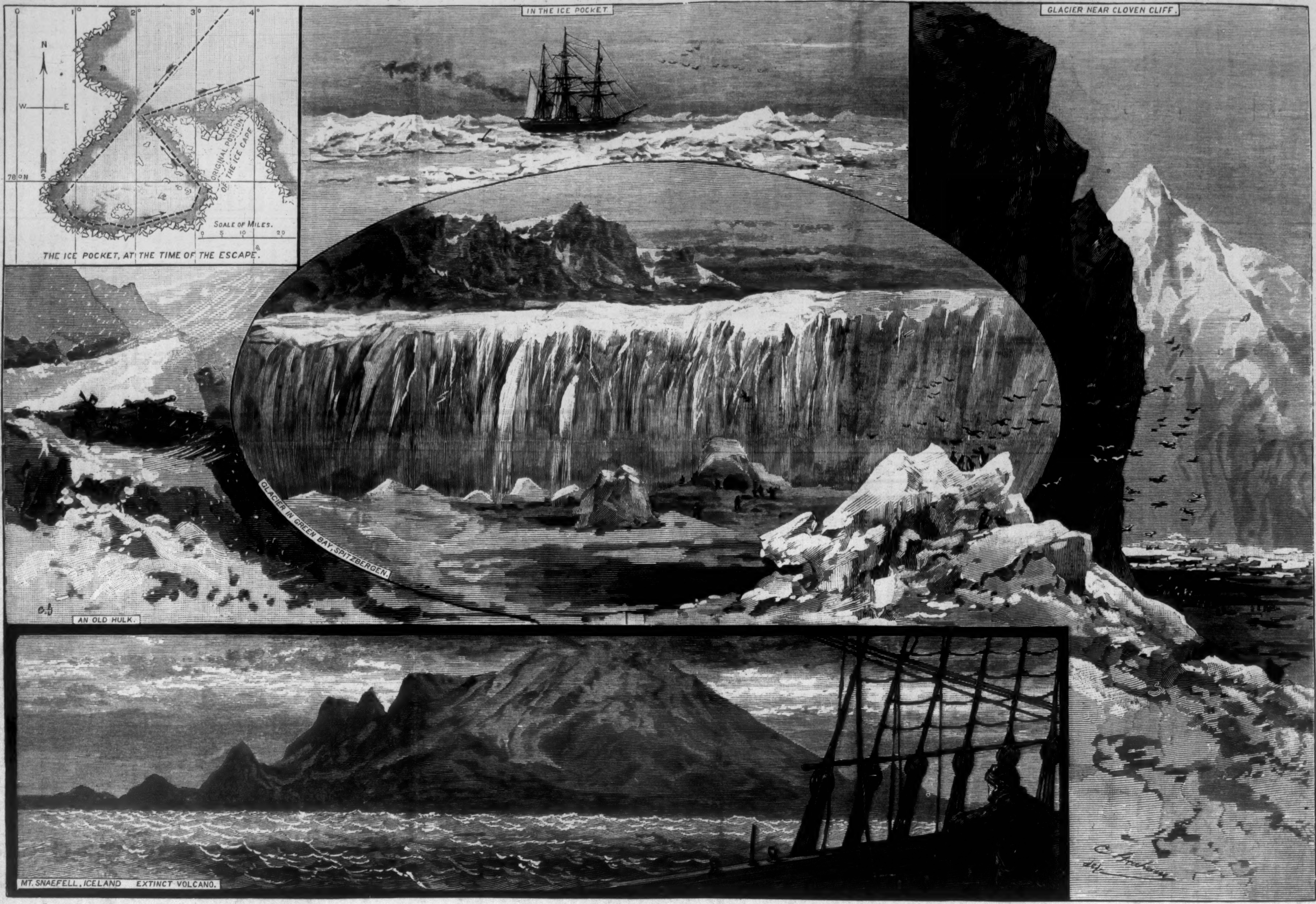
A correspondent, writing from this city, says that the recent burning of a big brewery on Staten Island destroyed an old building in which Garibaldi, the Italian liberator, earned a living some thirty years ago by making candles. According to this authority, some of the residents in Clifton still remember the red-shirted candle-maker, whom they then regarded as a sort of "crank."

The tomahawks of the one hundred surviving Modoc Indians have been metaphorically beaten into implements for splitting kindling-wood, and the squaws wield them.

A person who calls herself Columbier, and who was brought to the United States with Miss Bernhardt's troupe of theatrical players, has written a book about the American people. Besides what she saw of them from inconspicuous places behind the foot-lights, she had the advantage of closer observation among hotel porters, hall girls, and cabmen, so that she has no doubt of the accuracy of her generalizations and conclusions.

Japan has learned the value of competitive exhibitions as stimulants to industrial efforts. In 1879, in view of the decadence of silk and tea production, the government opened an exhibition in the Town-Hall at Yokohama, and offered prizes for the best displays of those and other products. Similar exhibitions were afterward held in the principal cities of the realm, and the result is a gratifying increase in the volume of foreign trade.

That serpent venom is a remedy for dyspepsia is one of the latest discoveries of medical men. The London *Lancet* says that M. Lacerda, a member of the Société de Biologie, has determined by experiment that the venom of the *Lachesis rhambrata* has the property of digesting albuminous substances and of emulsifying fats. A piece of beef cut in small pieces, and placed in a capsule with distilled water and a few drops of the poison, rapidly became softened. Coagulated egg albumen was completely dissolved in twenty-four hours. A Paris physician is said to have swallowed, without ill effects, five or six drops of the venom of the deadly cobra. If it is true that serpent venom is a valuable remedy, it is fortunate that dyspepsia is the disease for which it is a specific, for few patients are more ready than those suffering with that ailment to submit to heroic treatment.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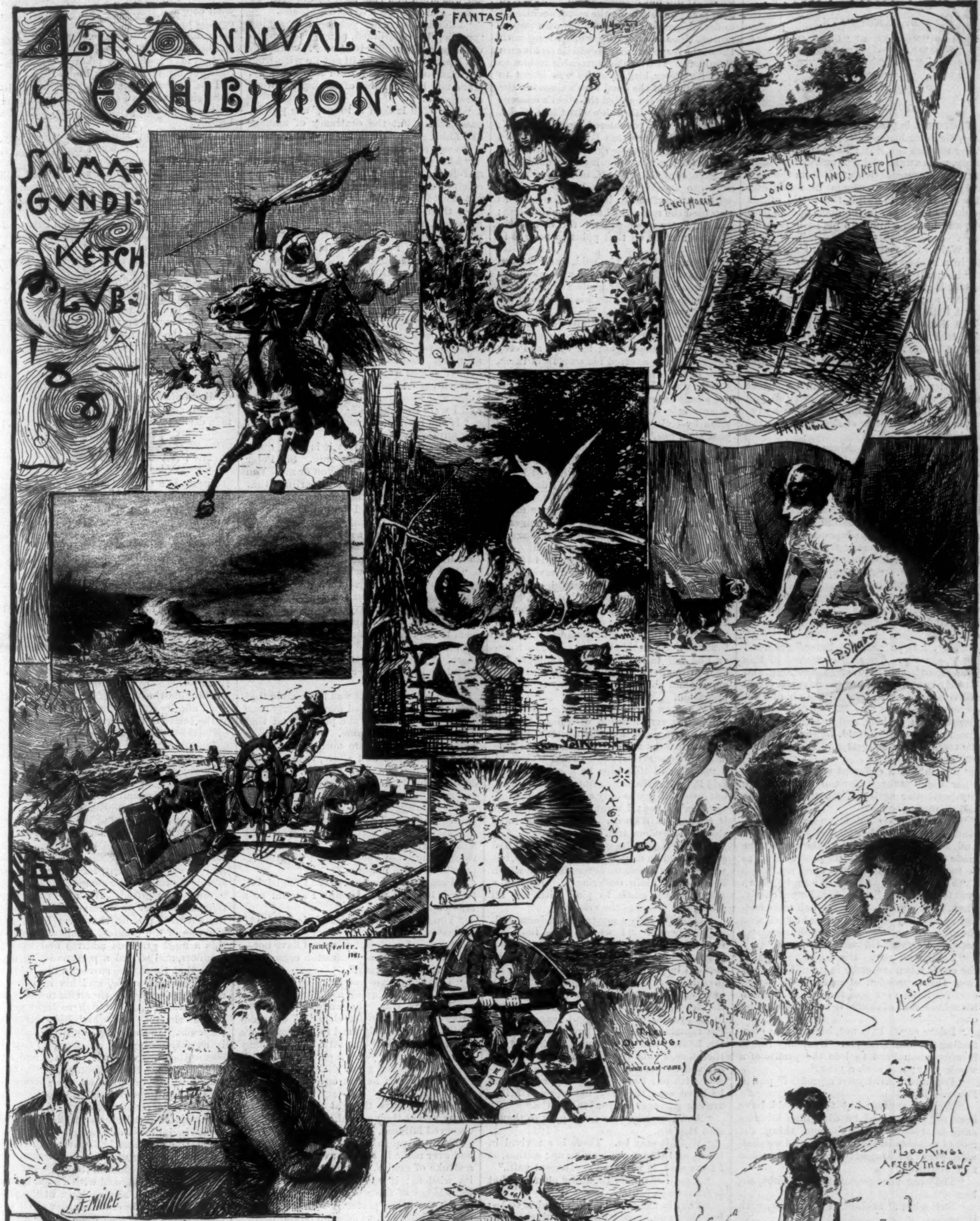
AN OLD HULK.
MT. SNAEFELL, ICELAND EXTINCT VOLCANO.

THE CRUISE OF THE "ALLIANCE."—From Sketches by William H. King, U. S. N.—[See Page 807.]


4th: Annual: Exhibition:
Salma=gundi: Sketch Club:
1881
Fantasia
Long Island: Sketch
Percy Moran
H. P. Share
Salmagundi
Frank Fowler. 1881.
J. F. Millet
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(Monhegan-Maine)
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THE SALMAGUNDI SKETCH CLUB—FOURTH ANNUAL BLACK AND WHITE EXHIBITION AT THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.
FROM THE ARTISTS' SKETCHES.—[SEE PAGE 806.]

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "From Exile," "Under One Roof," "Walter's Word," "Won—not Wooed," "What He Cost Her," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

PROCRASTINATION.

Though it is past one o'clock in the new year, Sir Peter has not yet gone to bed when Percy reaches the Hall; he is sitting in his study, wide awake and nervous, and for once deriving no consolation at all from the contemplation of his museum in miniature. His strained ears catch the rattle of his nephew's latch-key in the door, and he goes out and beckons him into his little room at once.

"Well, well, you have news, I see," says he, in a hushed and impatient voice.

"Yes; all is over, Sir Peter; poor Mr. Lyster is gone."

"Ay, ay; and when did it happen?"

"A little after midnight."

"A little after? How can you talk like that? Pray be explicit, sir: perhaps it was a little before?"

"No, sir; it was five and a half minutes past twelve."

"Oh! then it seems you can be correct enough when you please. I can tell you this will be inquired into. Do you know, sir, it may be a matter of £80,000 out of the business?"

"I should think if things go on at the present rate," replied Percy, coolly, "it would be a hundred thousand."

"Indeed, you seem to have been going into very nice calculations upon the subject. On the other hand, as regards this affair, I need scarcely remind you that you are not an altogether independent witness."

"Perhaps not," answered Percy, smiling, though beneath his smile there was a volcano of passion. "As it happens, there was another witness."

"Gerald Lyster, I suppose; a fellow I wouldn't believe on his oath, and one more interested in the matter even than yourself."

"Nay, I hope not, Sir Peter," returned Percy, gravely. The self-command of this young gentleman, naturally headstrong, and bitterly contemptuous of his adversary, was marvellous to see. He had the air of a judicious sick-nurse who has to deal with a preposterous patient, and gradually brings him to reason. "Gerald, however, was in the room, as you suggest, and Herbert Newton also."

"Oh, that is a different matter. On the other hand, perhaps Newton did not take any particular notice of the time, since he had no reason to do so."

"You forget, Sir Peter: he had ten thousand reasons, or rather the interest of them. And, as it happens, he did take notice; he made the time five minutes past twelve, as he took occasion to impress upon me."

"You all seem to have had a pretty sharp eye for business," said Sir Peter, curtly. Then, after a pause, during which some feeling of decency apparently pushed its way through the ashes of disappointment, "I hope poor Lyster did not suffer much."

"I think not, sir. His face was fixed on the clock when we came in; and I am sure, from the expression of it, that his having overlived the year was the last thought in his mind—and of course it was a comforting one."

"I dare say. It is not, however, so comforting for other people. Upon my life, it is uncommon hard to lose the profits of a whole year; and such a year!"

"You mean Mr. Lyster's profits?" put in Percy.

"Well, of course; but they would have been my profits had he died nine minutes earlier. However, there's one thing, the money remains in the business, and we shall want every farthing of it, and more, for these new ventures."

"They are very promising, no doubt, sir, but—"

"But what?" exclaimed Sir Peter, with irritation.

"Well, I was going to say they were just a trifle risky."

"Oh, indeed; that's your opinion, is it? When I ask for your views upon such matters, it will be time enough for you to express them. You think, perhaps, I suppose, because you may now have the control of Lyster's shares as well as your own, you are going to dictate to me?"

"Indeed, Sir Peter, nothing was further from my thoughts." And to do Percy justice, he spoke the truth. He always avoided the least semblance of dictation, but at the same time the course of action of the firm had of late, and especially since Mr. Lyster's illness, been shaped by his advice. Whatever was "risky," but at the same time promised large profits, had always his recommendation, for he was a gambler to the core. It did not displease him, however, to hear Sir Peter ascribing the more speculative undertakings of the firm to his own proper notion, since if anything went wrong with them, the responsibility would lie on his own shoulders. It was also agreeable to him to hear Sir Peter hint that he was about to have control of the dead man's shares in the business, since it implied the other's consent to his marriage. His union with Clare might, in fact, be now considered certain, though he was well aware that it would still meet with opposition in one quarter. Indeed, at breakfast, the next morning, he would gladly have confined himself, in Mildred's presence, to speaking of Mr. Lyster's demise, without reference to its opportuneness as regarded the means he had left behind him; but Sir Peter was much too full of his own disappointment on that point to keep it to himself.

"Upon the whole," he said, "as I worked it out last night in my bed, for I could hardly sleep a wink, Lyster made about £10,000 a minute out of us during his lifetime in the present year."

Mildred, who knew nothing of her father's business matters, looked up in extreme surprise, as well she might; her eyes, as Percy felt, though he averted his own from them, were fixed on him.

"Why, no, uncle," he replied, in as indifferent a tone as he could assume, "that is hardly correctly stated; Mr. Lyster gained no more by living five minutes into the new year than one."

"I didn't say he did," growled Sir Peter; "only if it had been one minute, I should have had a word to say—as indeed I may have even now. For my part, I don't like such close shaving."

Percy might very reasonably have urged that Mr. Lyster would have lived longer if he could, and could therefore be scarcely held responsible for the shaving in question, but he knew his uncle too well to argue with him. Moreover, he would have gladly avoided all allusion to the subject before Mildred. That young lady, however, hearing of what had happened from her maid, had come down to the early breakfast with the express intention of getting all the information she could about it. And no sooner had her father retired, as usual, to his den, to read the morning's letters over his cigar, than she turned to Percy for an explanation.

"What on earth is this?" she said, with an anxiety very unusual with her. "What does papa mean by Mr. Lyster's having made £18,000 a minute out of us in the nine minutes he survived after twelve o'clock?"

"Well, as I told him, he was mistaken," said Percy. "He made something, of course, but, after all, it was only a contingent gain."

"Don't fence; I want to know all about it, sir, and I will know. Please to use words that I can understand."

Percy felt that he was in for it. He had seen his cousin moved by passion before, but without the resolute determination which it was now plain underlay it. He had a very difficult game to play with her all along, but this was the crisis.

"Well, it's only a matter of business, Milly," he began. "I would have told you about it long ago, but that I know how business bores you. The articles of partnership in your father's firm are drawn up in this way: In case of the demise of a partner, his estate becomes responsible for the debts of the firm, and of course shares in its profits, for the current year, whether the remainder of it be much or little. If Mr. Lyster had died yesterday, his estate, therefore, would have suffered no loss and derived no benefit from any future connection with us; but as it has happened, since he lived over the year, his representatives are our partners for twelve months."

"And that will be a great gain to them," said Mildred.

"Well, it may be. There is a revival in trade, and things are looking up; so that, as I have said, it will be a contingent gain."

"A gain of ninety thousand pounds; that is what papa said."

"That is what he has estimated it to be; but then you know what a sanguine man he is. It may be half that, or it may be nothing—or it may even be a loss."

"I understand," said Mildred, dryly; "I am not so very foolish as you think me. And Mr. Lyster's 'representatives,' as you call them, who are they?"

"Nay, that is impossible to tell till we have seen the will."

"You lie." Her voice was firm, but her frame quivered with emotion.

"You lie," she reiterated; "you know that it is Clare who will have all this money."

"I know nothing of the kind, Mildred. I say again, that will depend on the terms of the will. Indeed, in the eye of the law, so far as I can see at present, Mr. Lyster's representative is Gerald."

He spoke so confidently that for the moment her convictions were shaken; his voice, too, was stern and cold as it had never been before, and she was a little frightened.

"I don't know what you mean by saying 'you lie,'" he continued, perceiving his advantage, and pushing it at once. "That is not language which I will put up with from any human being, even from a young lady. I am not in the habit of having my word questioned."

"You have broken it to me," she put in, passionately, but the obstinacy of manner had faded away, and in her eyes there were tears as well as fire.

"I have not, Mildred. You know as well as I do that we have both been the victims of circumstance. Would your father permit me to marry you, if I asked him now, more than at any other time? You know he would not. He would be just as set against it as ever."

"But he is no longer set against your marrying Clare."

"I don't know that. The affair is at least now postponed indefinitely. We must trust to the chapter of accidents."

"And in the mean time you will go and see her daily?"

"I know that I have made a fool of myself, Mildred. I have already acknowledged as much. But as a man of honor I can not behave as you would have me. It would be different, of course," he added, dropping his voice and speaking very tenderly, "if you and I were free agents."

"If you really loved me, Percy, you would risk anything."

"And so I would. But it is not a question of risk, but of utter ruin. Sir Peter would never forgive either you or me. You are saying to yourself, my darling, that where there is a will there is a way. That, of course, is true; but I am not so selfish as to take it."

She shook her head as though she had her doubts about that last sentiment, and began to walk the room impatiently to and fro.

"You don't know what I suffer, Percy; every hour that you spend with that girl at Oak Lodge takes a year from my life."

"It does not seem to do so," he answered, smiling, and with admiring eyes. "You seem to me to grow younger and more beautiful every day. And since you talk of Clare, do you suppose that I also do not suffer when Frank Farrer comes to call upon you?"

"Frank Farrer!" It was impossible that scorn could be expressed more bitterly than in the tone in which she pronounced that young gentleman's name. "You know as well as I do that I care nothing for Frank Farrer. But you and Clare, that is quite different; for you love her, sir. Yes you do"—for he was about to speak—"you *do*, you *do*."

Percy shrugged his shoulders with a faint pained smile. "You are certainly the most unreasonable," he sighed, "as you are the most charming, of women. You have nothing to propose yourself, and yet you reproach me with inaction."

"I am not a man," answered the girl, bitterly, "but if I was, I think I should be a brave one."

"You are brave enough as it is, Mildred," he answered, quietly; "neither am I, I hope, a coward. I confess, however, I have not—for that is what your confession comes to—the courage of despair."

"That is because you have no reason for despair," was the quick reply.

"That is true," he answered, gently; "there is no reason for either of us to despair. There is only need for patience; we are not masters of our fate, but Fate may do us a good turn yet. A good man of business, in however great difficulties, thinks little of them if he has only time to turn about him."

"I should have thought that that was a sharp, rather than a good, man of business," observed Mildred, curtly.

This was probably the wisest speech she had ever made in her life; or, rather, it was a stroke of genius, for she was unaware of its wisdom; it had been suggested by no knowledge of the world, but by irritation, which the other perfectly well knew. He affected, however, to misunderstand her.

"Well, as to good, I don't pretend to be a model of all the virtues, Milly, like Master Herbert Newton. I confess that I am but human—very human."

"Say rather man-like — very man-like," answered the girl, bitterly.

"How unkind you are, Milly, and how unreasonable!" he said, with a tenderness accompanied by appropriate action.

"Yes; you preach patience, but in another hour you will be comforting poor Clare, with your arm round *her* waist.

But though she reproached him thus, she did not draw back from his embrace.

"Under the circumstances, my dear Mildred," he went on, in a tone in which reproachful gravity mingled with gentle persuasion, "your imputations are very cruel; and if you examine your other strictures upon my conduct dispassionately—I mean with common fairness—you will find them equally baseless. That we are not acting as we would wish is very true, but we are doing the best we can for ourselves. Just at present, at all events, it is plain I can not discontinue my visits to Oak Lodge."

This, of course, was not the point in dispute, but it was, as Percy guessed, the thorn that was just now pricking jealous Mildred's breast.

"I suppose not," she sighed. "No, Percy, I won't be kissed; it is not right, though it may be very pleasant for *you*."

The fair student of *Butterflies* had still some notions of propriety, and felt that the copyright in a young gentleman's caresses should not be shared.

"Just one to make it up," said Percy, imploringly.

"As if I was a child," returned she, with indignation. "No, sir, I—oh, Percy, Percy, you are breaking my heart!"

As Percy said to himself, five minutes afterward, as he started for Oak Lodge, in garments of woe, but with a cigar in his mouth, "If it had not been for old Matthews coming in in the very nick of time to take away the breakfast things, there would have been a deuce of a scene."

He felt tolerably convinced, however, that he had staved off any further manifestation of dissatisfaction on Mildred's part for the present, and had obtained that great business desideratum, "time to turn about in."

[to be continued.]

FRANZ LISZT IN WEIMAR.

There is a Grand Duke in Weimar, with his palace and his court. But there is also occasionally a grand musician in Weimar, without a palace, it is true, but with a court which pays him homage as great as that paid to any Grand Duke, or, indeed, to any European potentate, and certainly more sincere.

When the Grand Duke of Weimar arrives in his *Residenzstadt*, there is a little stir; but when Liszt comes, it is heralded all over Germany, and abroad too. Then the little town throws off its dullness, and for the moment seems to reflect the brilliancy of a past generation, when it was called the Northern Athens. Goethe, Schiller, and Liszt—these are the names that have made world-wide the fame of a small provincial town and its rulers; for something at least of the lustre of these great names has fallen upon their ducal patrons. When Goethe and Schiller were there, it was the centre of German literary thought; whenever Liszt is there, it becomes the centre of German musical thought, the fundamental chord, so to speak, in German harmony. That Liszt is a prince among musicians any one who has attended his court at Weimar will affirm. "And yet," some will ask, "why is not all this worship given to Wagner, for he is, after all, the greater composer?" The question is very pertinent, for Wagner is undoubtedly the greater composer. But Liszt is singularly gifted. His art is reproductive as well as productive. Undoubtedly the greatest pianist that ever lived, he is also one of the greatest composers; add to this a most gracious address and winning manners, and withal a personality so magnetic that those who surround him move as in a charmed circle, and his influence is readily understood. He seems to sound human nature with a touch as light yet as sure as the touch to which his instrument responds. Indeed, they say his personality is as fascinating as his playing, that he seems the incarnation of his art, and that he is always the same good-humored, courteous host. The following anecdotes show how he can preserve his equanimity under rather trying circumstances:

Once, it is said, he announced a concert in a provincial town of France. The evening came, the hall was brilliantly lighted, but only twenty-four men and one woman were present. Liszt came on the stage, surveyed the audience, advanced with a good-natured smile, and before sitting down at the piano said: "Lady and gentlemen, our circle is so small that I must look upon this as a social gathering. I will play you all the pieces I am down for on the programme. After that, you must come to my hotel and have supper with me."

Liszt played that night as though he were playing to thousands, and afterward the small but enthusiastic audience supped with him at his hotel.

On another occasion, when he was to give a concert at a French sea-port, a school of mackerel came up the harbor. All the inhabitants went fishing, and in the evening not a ticket for Liszt's concert had been sold. "But then," writes Liszt to a friend, "how can a pianist expect to hold his own against a school of mackerel?"

Liszt's distinguished position as a pianist has enabled him to hold aloof from the drudgery of giving lessons for a livelihood, and few of the many who call themselves his pupils have a right to that distinction. "A pupil of Liszt" is often one who has but played for the great pianist once or twice, and received, perhaps, some words of commendation, prompted more by the heart than by his judgment. Von Lenz, who was Liszt's first pupil, gives an interesting account of their meeting in Paris when Liszt was but seventeen years old. One day Von Lenz read Listz's name on a programme posted on one of the Boulevard bulletins. A concerto of Beethoven led the programme. In those days Paris knew little of Beethoven, and a pianist who played him in public had to be intrepid as well as accomplished, so Von Lenz, who was on his way to apply to Kalkbrenner for piano lessons, decided to apply to Liszt, though he had never heard of him before. He was not discouraged when they told him at Schlesinger's that Liszt was no *professeur de piano*, and did not give lessons. He determined to apply to him notwithstanding. He found him at his house in the Rue Montholon—a pale, slim young man, with very attractive features. He was lying on a sofa, surrounded by three pianos, enjoying a pipe.

"I was sent to Paris by my family to take lessons of Kalkbrenner, but I come to you because I have heard that you are going to play a Beethoven concerto in public," said Von Lenz.

"Well," said Liszt, with a smile, "you might play something to me."

"I can play Kalkbrenner's sonata for the left hand."

"I don't want to hear that. I don't know it, and don't want to know it."

Von Lenz was somewhat abashed, but he was resolute. He had just learned Weber's "Invitation à la valse," and he thought he would play that.

"Don't play on that piano," Liszt called out from the sofa, without changing his position. "Play on the one next to it."

Von Lenz tried to play on the piano indicated by Liszt, but its action was so hard that he could scarcely produce a sound. When he got to the opening chords of the valse time, Liszt called out to him: "Stop a moment. What is that? It opens well."

"I should think it did. It is a rondo by Weber."

"By Weber? We only know of his *Freischütz* here. Has he also composed for the piano?"

"I have in my trunk not only this composition, but also two polonaises, two rondos, four books of variations, and four sonatas."

"Well," concluded Liszt, "as I have first heard through you of Weber's piano compositions, I will for the first time in my life consent to give lessons. You may be my scholar. My asking you to play on the piano with the hard action was a little pleasantry. No one can play on it but myself. I have it so that when I play one scale on it, it does me as much good as if I had played ten scales on a piano of ordinary action."

Liszt became so enamored of these compositions of Weber that he would shove Von Lenz from the piano stool when he was in the midst of one of them, and finish it himself.

The following is an outline of Liszt's life. He was born in Råding, Hungary, October 22, 1811. At nine years of age he played the piano for a party of noblemen in Presburg, and so delighted one of them that he furnished the money necessary for his further education. This he completed in Vienna, chiefly under Salieri. He gave concerts in Paris in 1823, and in 1825 produced there an opera entitled *Don Sanche, ou le Château de l'Amour*, which failed ignominiously. Shortly after this he withdrew from public, and devoted himself to religious meditations, until 1835, when, incited by Paganini's success in Paris, he again began to play in public, and at once gained the position he has since held. A trip to Italy in 1837, a series of concerts which brought in 60,000 florins to the Bonn Beethoven monument fund, includes his most important art-work, until in 1847 he was called to Weimar to conduct the court concerts and opera. Here he brought Richard Wagner's music to the notice of the public, and produced some of his own works. In 1861 he went to Rome, where he soon became intimate with the Pope. He is fond of Italy, and now divides most of his time between Rome, Pesth, and Weimar.

Now Liszt only occasionally plays in public, and only few have heard him in these latter years. But every chord he strikes seems to vibrate the world over. And this is, after all, the most beautiful reward for a true artist, that his art-work, even when wrought in seclusion, will bless and enlighten the whole world. Respected by all and beloved by many, Franz Liszt must feel that the laurels which grace his brow were well earned. Gustav Kobbé.

THE LANDSMERE HOUSE.

The Landsmere House is ablaze with light and astir with life. The great square hall alone seems shrouded in semi-darkness. Three huge logs burn in the immense old-fashioned fire-place, flashing flickering radiant meteors across the oak-wood floor; high-backed chairs and remarkably stiff settees recall the days of great-great-grandparents, while staid, grim family portraits look down from the old familiar walls on the old familiar scene with a blank unseeing stare that seems to say, "Life is but a short-lived dream at best."

Clifford Landsmere, the owner of this splendor that has descended in direct line from ancestor to ancestor, stands leaning against the mantel watching the dancers flit past the doorways with a smile of exceeding bitterness, for his heart is heavy, as men's hearts are apt to be when their sweethearts flirt with other masculines.

He has loved May Goodwin since the days of babyhood, this curious man who has never loved but once; and his isolated lot makes his love the one all-absorbing passion of his life; yet the very intensity of his devotion makes the girl miserable.

May Goodwin loves others as well. He loves but her.

Landsmere is young, rich, and his own master, with no living relative to cross his will.

Miss Goodwin is one of a large family, the daughter of a clergyman, who finds it hard to make ends meet—a man anxious to confide his daughter's keeping to more moneyed hands.

The two became engaged when May Goodwin was seventeen; the two are still unmarried, though May Goodwin is twenty-three.

"Why do they wait?" ask the villagers.

"Ay, why?" echoes the rectory.

"And why," says Clifford Landsmere, "must I wait so long?"

The girl nestles her head upon his shoulder and whispers, "Next year, Clifford." And it is "next year" still.

The long delay undermines Landsmere's health. Ever before him is the fear of losing May Goodwin forever, the dread of seeing her slip from his arms into those of another man. He grows morbidly jealous, tortures himself into an insane madness that magnifies straws into hay-stacks, and then bemoans his own weakness. It is daring for such a man to stake his happiness on the whims of a wayward woman. He seldom finds contentment; he as rarely misses misery.

Miss Goodwin is a born coquette. Men act upon her like red cloth on a bull. They sharpen her wits and brighten her faculties; yet the girl is not so wrong as people think her. She can no more help flirting than she can help breathing, and half the time sins unconsciously.

Miss Goodwin tries the loyalty of her lover to the utmost; but where another man would have flung her off in scorn, he only droops and saddens.

"How long will he bear with her?" ask the gossips.

The question reaches Miss Goodwin's ears. She holds her head more proudly, and answers, "Always."

"Ah, child," says the old father, sadly, "this world is not eternity. There is no always here." And the girl smiles her smile of conscious power, and rests secure in her own strength.

Once, and once only, Clifford Landsmere rebelled.

The girl looked at him with wide-open, startled eyes as he told her even his patience had a limit. Ten minutes later, her wish accomplished, Landsmere pleaded pardon, and the girl laughed at her own fears. She had long ago forgotten the whole affair. Not so Landsmere; his superstitious nature shrank from the fulfillment of his own predictions.

Landsmere is medium-sized, with slightly stooping shoulders and preternaturally bright eyes, but on every line of face and figure are plainly visible the germs of that dread disease consumption, the disease that makes the Landsmeres a short-lived people.

Miss Goodwin enjoys society; so for her sake Landsmere frequently entertains; for her sake he gives the ball to-night, though to him all gayety is alike intolerable. He watches her walking with Monroe, clinging to his arm, looking up into his face with sparkling, coquettish eyes, listening to his words with that flattering attention suggestive of interest in the speaker. Still she cares nothing for Monroe, absolutely nothing. It is only her way.

Miss Goodwin is pretty, not so much through positive prettiness as from lack of positive plainness. She has a bright, intelligent, blonde face, that sometimes lights into actual beauty, and again sinks into utter common plainness. At present she is looking her best.

"You who have so devoted an admirer, Miss Goodwin," says Monroe, studiedly, "must find the rest of our sex dull."

"My admirers are obliged to be devoted, or they cease to be my admirers," she answers.

"Devotion to Miss Goodwin must be a happy slavery," with a look to enforce his meaning.

"But even slaves require heads," she retorts.

"Very good," laughs Monroe, dully; though somehow, fully digested, the goodness rather decreases.

Thoughts develop slowly in Monroe's shapely head, but once rooted, bear fruit, such as it is, ten-thousandfold. It gradually dawns upon him that he has been the sport of Miss Goodwin's wit. The idea rankles in his mind. He, the winner of the Talsmanic walking match, stroke oar in the Talsmanic rowing crew, the best wrestler, boxer, and jumper for miles around! No head, indeed!

Monroe's nature is a peculiarly vindictive one. He never forgets or forgives an injury, and "an eye for an eye" is the only text in all the Bible whose truth comes home to him. He has but one mode of pointing arguments—great brute strength. Miss Goodwin is a lady of high social standing, therefore not to be conquered by superior muscular development, therefore beyond his reach.

Clifford Landsmere is rich, and has won May Goodwin. Robert Monroe is poor, and covets her. Thus runs his credit-and-debtor account, and Monroe intends settling it in such a manner as Landsmere will remember. His love for Miss Goodwin is the love of a sensualist and an egotist. He wants her simply because he can not have her, and to win her from Clifford Landsmere is his one desire.

A curious place the haunted house, with a curious history. Judge Hare, the former owner, had bequeathed the property to a distant cousin, with strict injunctions that none but a male descendant should inhabit the place. His own two daughters, thus turned adrift, left the village in which they had been born and reared, and in which they had hoped to die, and journeyed to far-off lands. The place was dear to them, and they could not sit with folded hands watching it go to ruin.

The distant cousin, a bachelor in the sixties, and a resident of India, found the property a bore, cursed the giver, and declared "it might go to the dogs for all him."

It took him at his word. It had gone there fast.

The place, from becoming neglected, became shunned. Now the gates hang rusted on their hinges; belated travellers tell of lights flitting to and fro; the ivy and poison-vine intertwine their tendrils around the house, fast growing damp and mouldy; trees interlace their branches over a rank undergrowth of shrubs and bushes, while the fruit in the orchard ripens and falls to the ground unheeded; even the school-boys, proverbial revellers in stolen sweets, leave the pears, hanging low on the boughs, untouched.

Landsmere wonders in his imaginative, non-practical manner if the ghosts of the haunted house are actually spirits from another world, or a band of desperadoes, as had lately been reported.

"Clifford!" The voice recalls him to himself, and he turns to smile down on the face of his pretty sweetheart. A person seeing him now would not know him for the Clifford Landsmere of five minutes ago. His face softens into infinite tenderness. The very tones of his voice betray his love as he speaks her name.

"Why do you stay here alone? I have looked for you everywhere," says Miss Goodwin.

And he answers, as he draws her to him, "I can not stand by and watch you flirt with such men as Dawson and Monroe."

"Jealous?" with a quick contraction of her pretty brows. "Cliff dear, I wish you would trust me."

"I do, but I don't trust the men."

Her frown deepens, and she says, with some coldness: "I see Mr. Monroe looking for me now; I am engaged to him for this dance. I stole a second for you, Cliff; but you evidently don't wish it."

"Of course"—bitterly—"some one is always engaged to you. I never see you. How long is this to last?"

Miss Goodwin is silent, and puts up her face to be kissed. He kisses her, as he might have kissed any one had duty required it.

"Clifford," says the girl, coaxingly, hurt by his coldness, "when I marry you, you will shut me up in a beautiful house, and let no one see me. Let me have my good time first, then you shall marry me when you will."

He makes no reply, so the girl steals a round, bared arm around his neck, and presses her face close up to his. The man is not proof against such endearments. He kisses her half fiercely, then pushes her away, and bids her leave him.

"I have so little self-control, I am better alone," he explains, sadly; and Miss Goodwin joins the dancers, unconscious of the wistful, passionate eyes following her every movement. Landsmere's teeth shut tight together as he watches Monroe whirl her off in the dance. He turns his back upon the gayety, and loses himself in bitter speculations on his future.

"I heard a wager concerning you to-night," whispers Monroe, as he guides Miss Goodwin across the ball-room.

"Who dared?" questions the girl, hotly.

"That I can't tell," with a soft smile; "but you shall hear the wager," pausing to look into her face.

"Well?" falling into step and moving slowly onward.

"The haunted house!"

Miss Goodwin understands; frees herself with a quick, impatient movement, and answers, with some contempt, "Your friends underrate my power; Mr. Landsmere would do more than visit haunted houses at my asking."

"Yes?" incredulously.

"Ay, yes, as I shall prove."

"Will you test your power now?"

Miss Goodwin assents. She is too proud to ask permission to make the request unwitnessed, so she places her hand on her escort's arm and allows him to lead her to Clifford Landsmere.

Landsmere starts, flushes hotly, and looks to Miss Goodwin for explanation, but the explanation is not forth-coming; for the first time in her life Miss Goodwin is ashamed to look her lover in the face.

"Still gazing at the haunted house?" asks Monroe, flippantly. "Why not give the inhabitants a call? You might find them rather disagreeable, but one shouldn't stop at trifles."

The fiery blood of his ancestors tingles through Landsmere's veins. He feels rather than sees the hand laid on his arm. Its light touch thrills him, and he answers, with a quietness that surprises no one more than himself, "There are enough disagreeable people in the flesh, Monroe, without seeking them in the spirit."

Monroe forces a laugh, and moves back a step. His brute strength quails before the look in Landsmere's eyes.

"Clifford," intercedes Miss Goodwin, "will you visit the haunted house for me?"

Landsmere recoils, and his brilliant eyes rest full upon Miss Goodwin with an incredulous, horrified expression. His half-belief in ghosts is a well-known fact, and is ever humored and treated with gentle courtesy, for every one knows of the terrible fright he received in childhood that brought him to death's door, and planted the seeds of that superstition he has never entirely outgrown.

May Goodwin's eyes fall before her lover's gaze, and she stands abashed.

"We might have spared ourselves the trouble," sneers Monroe.

Miss Goodwin's eyes flash. She will prove her power, or break with Clifford Landsmere forever. Monroe shall not taunt her with impunity. She will turn the laugh on him, or break her engagement—one of the two.

"Clifford," coming very close, and speaking very softly, "do this thing for me, and I will marry you before the next full moon."

Monroe, failing to catch the words, wonders what the girl has said to illuminate Landsmere's face so strangely.

"I will go," answers Clifford Landsmere, simply.

Miss Goodwin accompanies her lover down the wide stone steps, while Monroe, with an evil smile, drops softly from a window, and speeds across the lawn.

"Clifford dear, don't look so white," begs Miss Goodwin, conscience-stricken, though still determined to prove her power. "There are no such things as ghosts in all the world."

"Your not believing in them, little one, makes them none the less real." He shudders slightly, and draws his hand across his eyes.

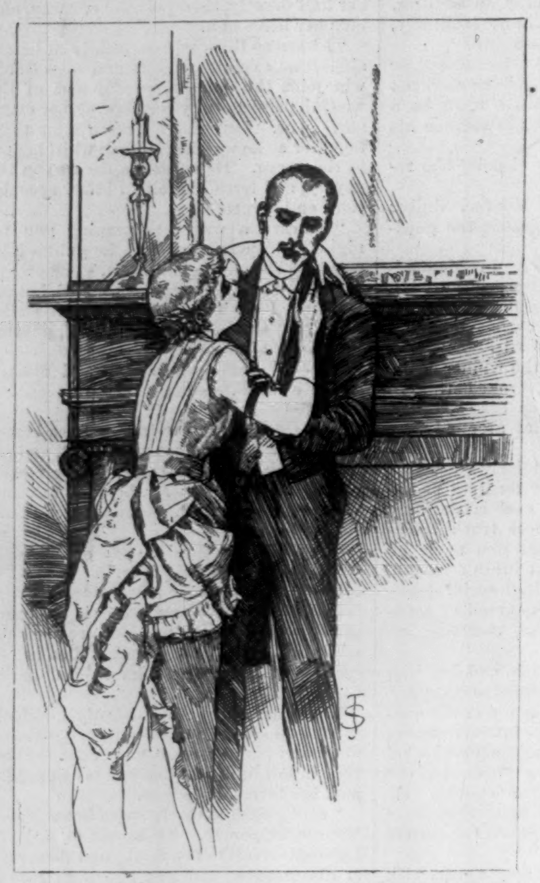
The girl clings to him, loath to let him go. He kisses her tenderly, and then he leaves her. "Hurry back," she calls, laughingly; but he makes no answer, only plods steadily on along the path that leads to the haunted house.

Miss Goodwin shades her eyes with her hand, and watches him smilingly out of sight.

"Miss Goodwin!" cries a sharp, startled voice at her elbow. She turns slowly, still smiling, and faces Mr. Lente with all her dimples in full play.

"Call him back, Miss Goodwin. The house is filled with a band of desperadoes. They would shoot him as they would a dog. The police make a raid on the place to-night. Call him back before it is too late."

"Clifford! Clifford!" Wild and clear through the darkness rings the terror-stricken voice.



"I HAVE SO LITTLE SELF-CONTROL, I AM BETTER ALONE."

"Hush!" interposed young Lente, gently, touched by the silent misery of her face. "Come with me. We will save him yet."

She lays her hand in his without a word, and without a word he leads her, with swift half-running steps, down the long broad avenue underneath the arching trees, into the moon-lit space beyond. The night-birds circle round their heads with shrill unearthly cries as they speed like children, hand in hand, racing against death. But already Clifford Landsmere has reached his journey's end. His face looks ghastly in the moonlight, and his eyes distend with terror as he lays his hand upon a window-ledge and looks within.

A figure clothed in white, with arms extended and head seemingly aflame, passes before his eyes, its body twined with chains that clank with a dull dead thud as they drag their glittering length across the floor.

Clifford Landsmere utters one piercing scream, and drops like one dead, while the ghost—white robes, flaming head, and all—takes to its heels.

"Well?" interrogates a chorus of unkempt, savage-looking men as the ghost bursts headlong into their midst. "Have you seen the devil himself, that you stand there tongue-tied?" thunders the leader.

"I saw eyes shining at me from the darkness," stammers the ghost.

"Eyes have heads; heads, bodies; bodies, legs; legs belong to men. That means we're watched. You quaking idiot! You may have ruined us. Come, men, away with ourselves and our booty before the moon tells another hour!"

"Ay, ay," in smothered chorus from the men.

Outside, Robert Monroe gloats over the fallen body of his foe.

Landsmere regains consciousness, and attempts to rise. Monroe forces him back. His hot breath fans Landsmere's face.

"Listen!" he hisses, with a face distorted with rage and jealousy. "I owe you a debt; I pay it to-night. The world is too small to hold us both, Clifford Landsmere."

There is no resistance, only the sharp click of a pistol, and Landsmere's blood-stained face looking moonward with sightless eyes; and at the same moment a band of uniformed men encircle the haunted house—our ever-watchful, our ever-vigilant police. Step by step, carefully, cautiously, they feel their way, and between them steal the dark figures of the burglars, undetected.

"Halt!" whispers the leading ruffian, and the band of desperadoes come to an abrupt stand-still. The robbers watch the blue-coated men search the house from attic to cellar, and come forth empty-handed.

"The birds have flown," says one.

"It's a fool's trick," adds another; and the burglars laugh in their sleeves.

"Murder! Help!" rings through the stillness, and both pursuers and pursued stop and listen with dismay.

It is young Lente's voice echoing through the night with that piercing shrillness, and his words are flung back to him from the hill-side, as nature cries out against the crime.

"The doctor," falters May Goodwin, raising her lover's head upon her lap—"send for the doctor."

Young Lente sadly shakes his head. He himself is a medical student, and he knows Clifford Landsmere's hours are numbered.

The girl pales to the lips, and young Lente turns his face from the eyes beseeching him bid her hope against hopelessness itself, while a great sob rises in his throat, and he stands there helpless, watching Clifford Landsmere die.

"Can nothing save him?" moans the girl, pitifully.

"Nothing," answers young Lente, and the silence of death falls between them.

"Stand back!" says the lad, sharply, as the police force come in sight. "Let him die in peace;" and the men, unconsciously influenced by the brave young voice, step back reverently, and await death's coming.

"Sweetheart!" The word, feebly as it is spoken, arouses Miss Goodwin into life.

"He has stolen my locket, sweetheart—the one with your picture." The words come more and more feebly. "Don't—let—him—have—you—too."

"No one shall have me, Clifford—no one but you," the girl answers, quietly.

Landsmere's hands grope feebly for the hand of his betrothed. His eyes literally caress her. He smiles brightly, and the girl, with wonderful fortitude, smiles back.

"Ask who took the picture," suggests one of the brass-buttoned gentry; but young Lente pushes him back, and whispers low, "'Dead men tell no tales,' and he is dead."

Miss Goodwin stoops to kiss her lover, and looks up startled. The deathly coldness of his lips penetrates her inmost being.

No one tells her he is dead. There is no need. She reads the truth in the sympathetic, pitying eyes, and she knows that she is loverless.

"Dead?" she whispers, in an awed, dull voice. "My Clifford dead?"

Young Lente bows his head in silent token of assent.

"I don't believe you," she cries, with sudden fierce defiance, and bursts into a laugh sadder than any tears. "I will wake him," she continues, smilingly. "He will answer me. Clifford, my darling"—laying her warm cheek against his cold one—"tell them you are only making believe."

Death gives no sign to the living, and the girl, with a white, scared face, looks from one to another of the men. Their eyes fill, and with gentle hands they bear her from the field, senseless.

Young Lente tells his tale in a manly, straightforward manner, and proves Monroe the murderer. But the detectives are unwilling to accept so simple a solution to the mystery. They smile indulgently, and assure young Lente "the case is one of unusual complication."

"But," protests the lad, "I heard the shot, and saw Monroe run. Find the man. I'll prove his guilt."

The detectives look wondrous wise, exchange mysterious glances, and follow their own far-fetched clews, and while bemoaning the ignorance of non-professionals, weave a chain of circumstantial evidence that promises to condemn an innocent man to death.

Monroe wanders at large. The detectives touch their hats politely as they pass him in the street, while the locket, in its conspicuous diamond setting, hangs from his chain, and flashes its brightness in their eyes, blinding them to its identity.

Young Lente leaves no stone unturned to bring the murderer to his just deserts; so at last Monroe finds himself in danger of arrest. He consults his lawyers. They advise a full and immediate confession. Monroe refuses to follow their advice, but prefers to trust to the uncertainty of the law, and the law, handled by clever, unprincipled men, proves wondrous merciful.

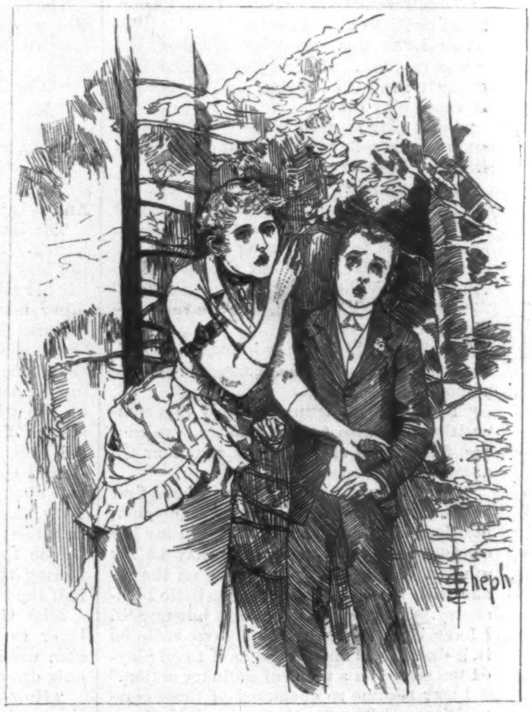
He is taken to the Tombs, confined in a narrow cell, and comforted by Americans at large. Robert Monroe the murderer finds himself a far greater personage than Robert Monroe the quiet citizen.

His cell blooms with flowers; men furnish him with the latest papers and the best cigars; women comfort him, and bemoan his fate. All humanity seems leagued against justice. He finds himself a hero, and rather likes the notoriety.

The verdict first given is "manslaughter in the second degree." Exceptions are made to certain rulings by the judge. Then follows a reprieve, and another trial. Monroe's lawyers are clever men—strangely clever men. They prove to the satifaction of the jury that at the time of the murder the accused was suffering under temporary insanity.

The verdict is given in accordance with the cunningly devised defense, and Monroe is set at liberty, and is free to become "temporarily insane" again whenever he may deem it best.

"The verdict 'hanged by the neck till dead' seems obsolete," exclaims young Lente, with righteous indignation, laying aside the papers, in which Monroe's guilt has been lessened step by step into innocence. "A man seems able to commit any crime under our present management and escape scot-free. Is it the fault of the law or the lawyers, or yet again of the people, that sin becomes innocence, and crime virtue?"



"THE NIGHT-BIRDS CIRCLE ROUND THEIR HEADS."

I can not vouch for the truth of the above; I but tell the story as it was told to me.

The haunted house still stands. Bats and owls make their home beneath the eaves, and rats run riot everywhere; but the ghost of to-day is a wreck from the ghosts of the past.

Friends showed me the haunted house last week. My eyes filled as we watched the young-faced woman with snow-white hair walk restlessly to and fro. Her eyes looked through and beyond me, and saw visions I could not see. Her hands parted the long grass as she smiled down at the face she imagined smiling up at her—the face that lay cold and silent in the grave.

It was a strange, sad scene. The cedars wailed in the night, wind, the grass rustled fitfully, and the branches of the grand old elms sobbed dismally over her head. Back and forth, back and forth, she paced, muttering Clifford Landsmere's name.

I saw her pause, place her hand above her ear, and stand in an attitude of intense expectation. Her eyes deepened, darkened, brightened; a smile gradually overspread her features, till her whole face was radiant with a glory not of earth.

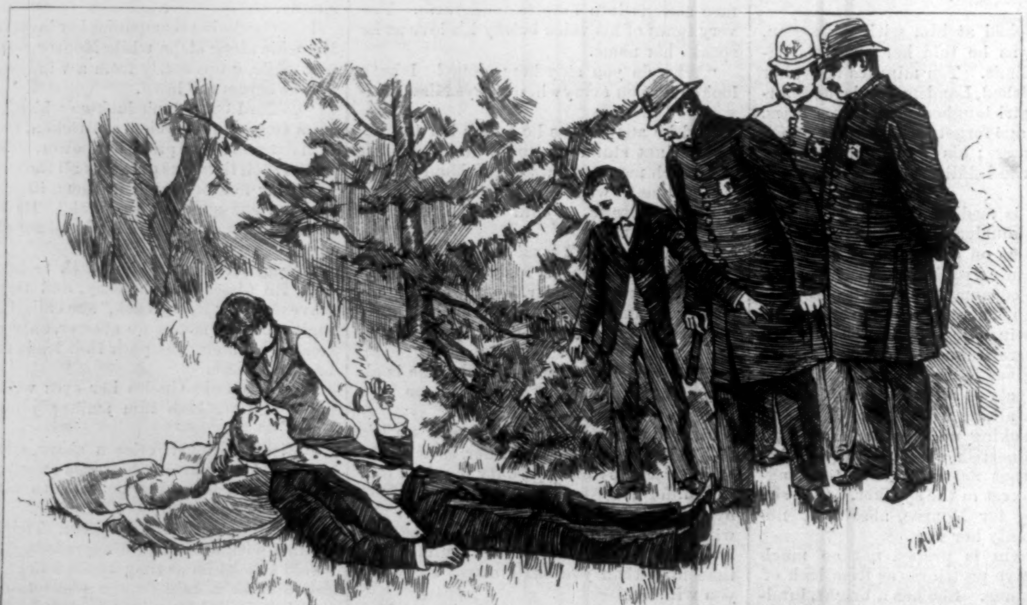
"What do you hear?" I asked, gently.

"I hear him," she answered, without turning her head.

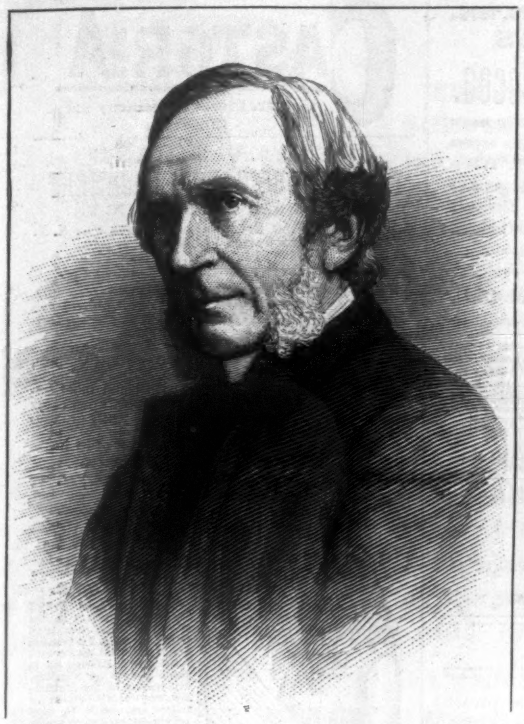
She heard the voice of her lover calling her from above.

To-day the bells are tolling in Landsmere town—tolling May Goodwin's happiness. A long procession is even now winding amongst the hills, carrying May Goodwin to the side of her lover, and a man who sold his soul to win her love watches the coffin lowered out of sight, knowing his sin was useless. He has blackened his name for nothing. For there is one Judge who outrules all judges, and that Judge has condemned Robert Monroe.

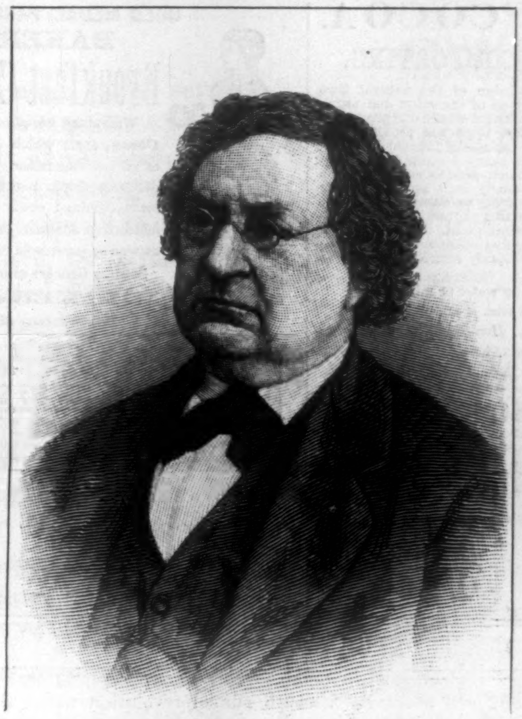
The bells are tolling on earth, but I think they must be ringing in heaven, for May Goodwin and Clifford Landsmere rest side by side.



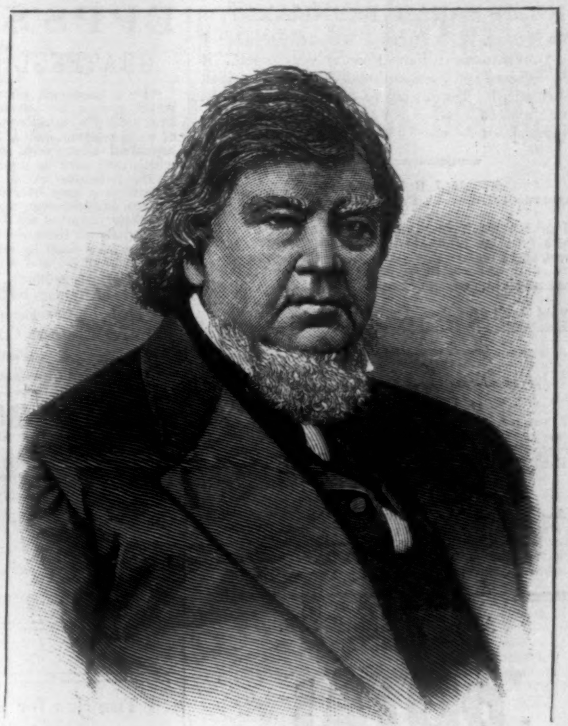
"'ASK WHO TOOK THE PICTURE,' SUGGESTS ONE OF THE BRASS-BUTTONED GENTRY."



THE VERY REV. GEORGE GRANVILLE BRADLEY, DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.—Photographed by J. S. Green.



THE LATE DR. MACKENZIE.
Photographed by Stuber.



THE LATE GEORGE LAW.
Photographed by Bogardus, Eighteenth Street and Broadway.

THE NEW DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

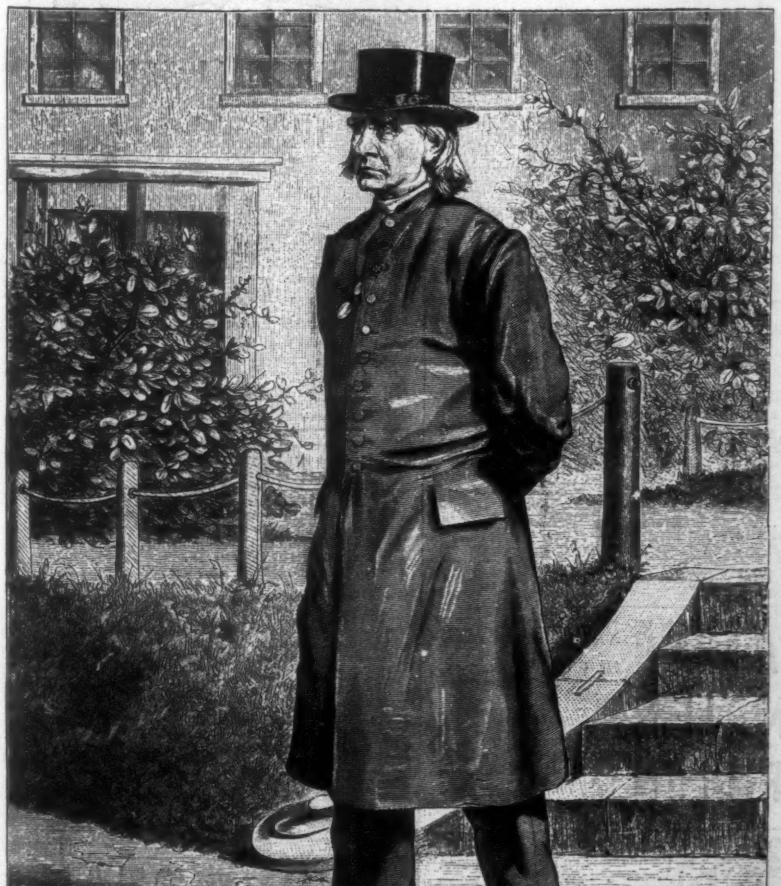
The successor of the late Dean **Stanley** at Westminster is one of the three personal friends who are nominated in Dean **Stanley**'s will to act as consulting referees with regard to the publication of his literary remains and correspondence. The Rev. **George Granville Bradley**, Master of University College, Oxford, and Canon of Worcester, is a son of the late Rev. **Charles Bradley**, vicar of Glasbury, Brecknockshire, and incumbent of St. James's, Clapham. He was born in 1821, and was educated at the Clapham Grammar School, under the Rev. **Charles Pritchard**, now Spenserian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford. He afterward entered University College, Oxford, where he took his Bachelor's degree. He had conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. by the University of St. Andrews in 1873. He was ordained deacon in 1858 by Dr. **Tait**, Bishop of London, and priest in the same year by Dr. **Hamilton**, Bishop of Salisbury. Mr. **Bradley** was Head Master of Marlborough College from 1858 down to 1870, when he was appointed Master of University College, Oxford. He was appointed Examining Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury in 1874, was Select Preacher at Oxford University in 1874–75, and Honorary Chaplain to the Queen from 1874 to 1876, when he was appointed Chaplain in Ordinary to her Majesty. A few months before his present appointment he was made a Canon of Worcester Cathedral. We are indebted to the courtesy of the Rev. **Henry M. Field** for the photograph from which our portrait of Dr. **Bradley** is engraved.

THE LATE DR. MACKENZIE.

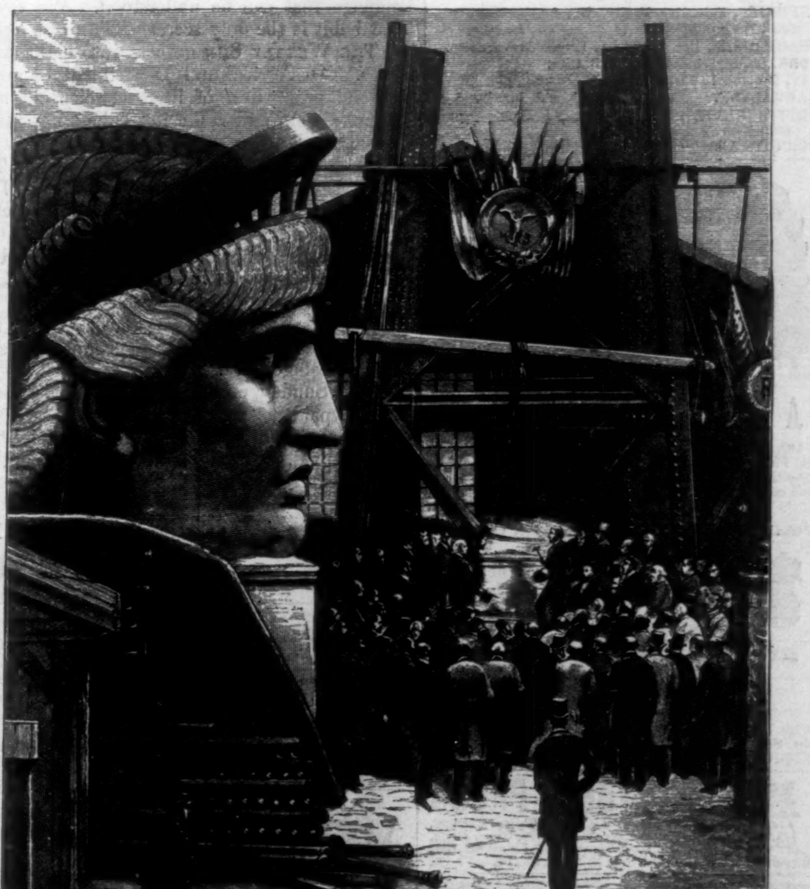
Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, who for half a century has been known in this country and abroad as one of our most industrious and successful literary men, died at his home in Philadelphia on the 21st of November, at the age of seventy-two. He was born in Ireland, but came to New York in 1852, and made this country his home. Since then he has been an indefatigable worker as an author and contributor to the magazines and daily newspapers of New York and Philadelphia. He was a most amiable and agreeable gentleman, and a charming companion. His familiarity with literary history and incidents in the lives of literary men was remarkable. He could give place and date with the greatest promptitude, and supplement it with anecdote that was always apropos. To newspaper men he was widely known, and was greatly esteemed, and the news of his death was read with deep regret.

THE LATE GEORGE LAW.

The successful business career of this well-known man, who died November 18, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, presents a remarkable example of the facilities which the United States affords to young men of energy, perseverance, and capacity. The son of poor parents, his strong will, ambition, sturdy intelligence, and quickness to seize every opportunity of advancement, placed him at an early age above want, and carried him into enterprises which in a few years made him one of the rich men of the country. He was engaged as contractor on many important public works, such as the Croton Aqueduct and High Bridge, and took a large interest in the construction of the Panama Railroad, and also in several lines of steamers running to the Isthmus. He was connected with several street railways in this city, and with various ferry companies. Of late he lived in retirement, and his name had dropped out of the sight of the general public.


Schaefer 81.

FRANZ LISZT IN WEIMAR.—Drawn from Life by M. Schaefer.—[See Page 810.]



BARTOLDI'S STATUE OF LIBERTY—MINISTER MORTON DRIVING THE FIRST RIVET IN THE PEDESTAL.—[See Page 807.]

MLLE. SARAH BERNHARDT.

To Messrs. W. B. Riker & Son—*Gentlemen:* I like your American Face Powder very much. it is so delicate and pure, and makes the skin to look so beautiful. Permit me to congratulate you on your great success. Very sincerely,

—[*Adv.*] Sarah Bernhardt.

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Cashier of Leroy C. Partridge's Banking House.
Ovid, N. Y., Nov. 7, 1881.

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Hendersonville, Tenn. —[*Adv.*]

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The Sun.

NEW YORK, 1882.

The Sun for 1882 will make its fifteenth annual revolution under the present management, shining, as always, for all, big and little, mean and gracious, contented and unhappy, Republican and Democratic, depraved and virtuous, intelligent and obtuse. The Sun's light is for mankind and womankind of every sort; but its genial warmth is for the good, while it pours hot discomfort on the blistering backs of the persistently wicked.

The Sun of 1868 was a newspaper of a new kind. It discarded many of the forms, and a multitude of the superfluous words and phrases of ancient journalism. It undertook to report in a fresh, succinct, unconventional way all the news of the world, omitting no event of human interest, and commenting upon affairs with the fearlessness of absolute independence. The success of this experiment was the success of The Sun. It effected a permanent change in the style of American newspapers. Every important journal established in this country in the dozen years past has been modelled after The Sun. Every important journal already existing has been modified and bettered by the force of The Sun's example.

The Sun of 1882 will be the same outspoken, truth-telling, and interesting newspaper.

By a liberal use of the means which an abundant prosperity affords, we shall make it better than ever before.

We shall print all the news, putting it into readable shape, and measuring its importance, not by the traditional yardstick, but by its real interest to the people. Distance from Printing House Square is not the first consideration with The Sun. Whenever anything happens worth reporting we get the particulars, whether it happens in Brooklyn or in Bokhara.

In politics we have decided opinions; and are accustomed to express them in language that can be understood. We say what we think about men and events. That habit is the only secret of The Sun's political course.

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Having reorganized our **PATTERN DEPARTMENT,** we have assigned to Mr. J. G. CROTTY, 62 Cliff Street, New York City, the sole right to establish Agencies, on his own account, for the sale of our Cut Paper Patterns throughout the United States.

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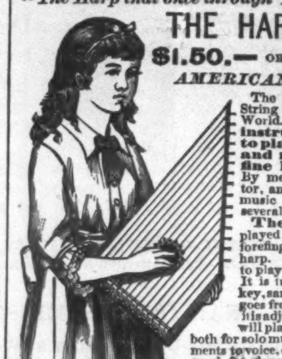

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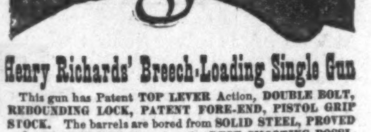

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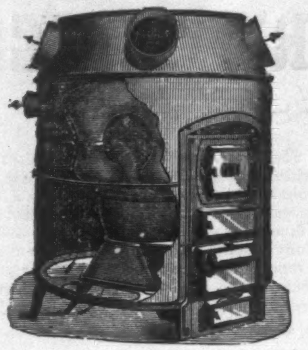

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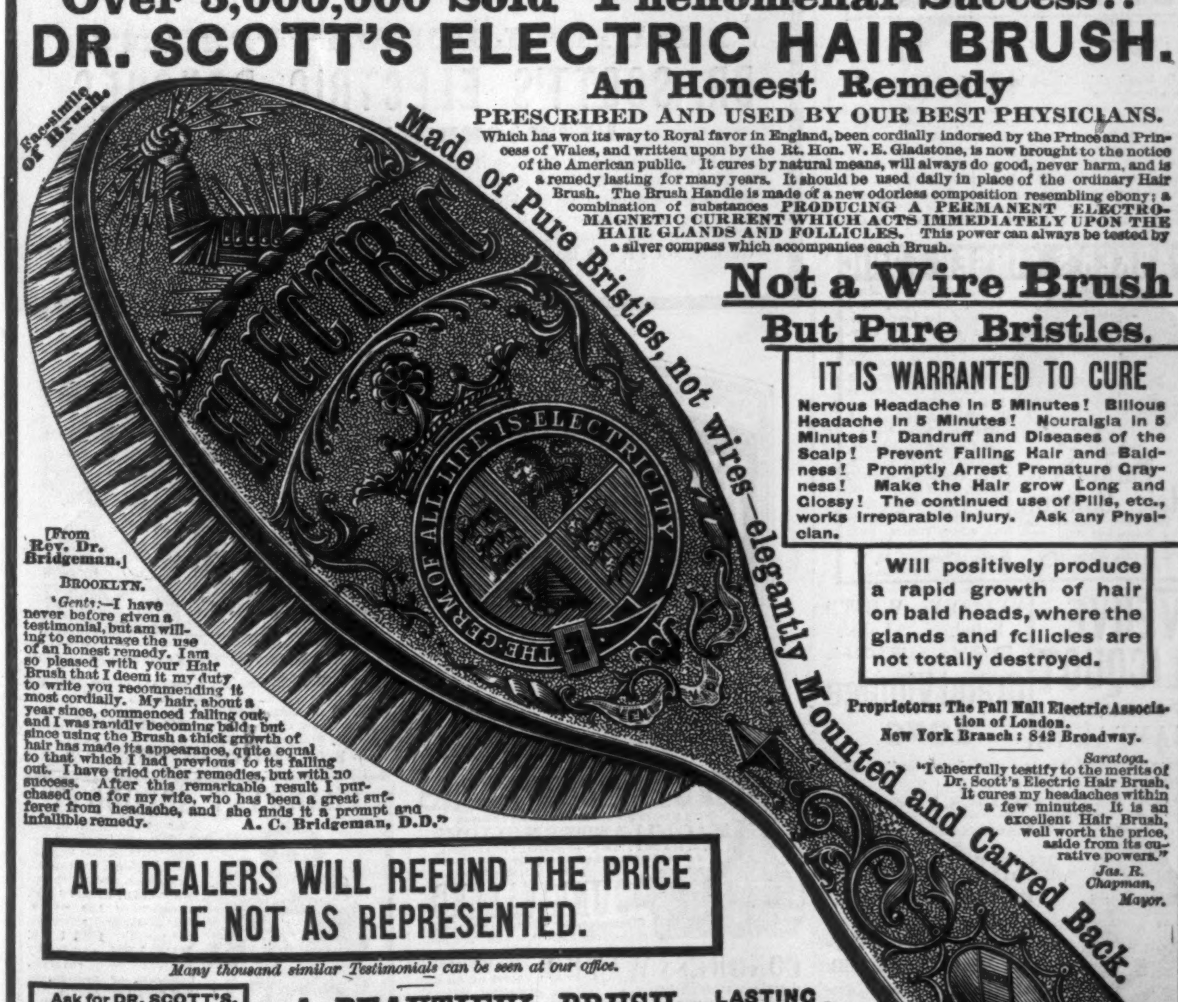
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Which has won its way to Royal favor in England, been cordially indorsed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, and written upon by the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, is now brought to the notice of the American public. It cures by natural means, will always do good, never harm, and is a remedy lasting for many years. It should be used daily in place of the ordinary Hair Brush. The Brush Handle is made of a new odorless composition resembling ebony; a combination of substances **PRODUCING A PERMANENT ELECTRO-MAGNETIC CURRENT WHICH ACTS IMMEDIATELY UPON THE HAIR GLANDS AND FOLLICLES.** This power can always be tested by a silver compass which accompanies each Brush.

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[From Rev. Dr. Bridgeman.]

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"*Gents:*—I have never before given a testimonial, but am willing to encourage the use of an honest remedy. I am so pleased with your Hair Brush that I deem it my duty to write you recommending it most cordially. My hair, about a year since, commenced falling out, and I was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Brush a thick growth of hair has made its appearance, quite equal to that which I had previous to its falling out. I have tried other remedies, but with no success. After this remarkable result I purchased one for my wife, who has been a great sufferer from headache, and she finds it a prompt and infallible remedy.
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